

DIVINE POEMS

A N D

E S S A Y S

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

V I Z.

Immanuel ; or, the Godhead of	A Walk at Enfield.
Christ displayed.	Meditations on the Canticles.
A Meditation written in a Bower	— for the Lord's Supper.
at Lady Grove, Sutton.	Christ All in All.
Elegies.	Meditations on Rev. xii. 6.
Epithalamiums.	A Summer Day's Excursion.
Epistles to Miranda, &c.	Odes.
Hymns.	Letters.
A Poem on Redemption.	A Soliloquy.

By *MARIA DE FLEURY.*

With Recommendatory Prefaces, by the Rev. Mr WILLS,
Rev. Mr TOWERS, and Rev. Mr RYLAND.

L O N D O N.

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EXHIBITION

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

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O. L. L. L.

P R E F A C E.

To the READER,

AMongst all the grand doctrines which the BIBLE reveals to fallen man, that of the TRINITY in UNITY; a TRIUNE GOD, is perhaps the most sublime, and therefore it may appear somewhat like presumption in a *woman* to exercise her pen upon such a subject; but in times like the present, when this glorious truth is so awfully denied by many, when arianism, sabelianism and socinianism is pouring in upon us like a flood, and some even dare to stand forth in public and blaspheme that WORTHY NAME by which we are called, it ought not to be wondered at if even the stones in the street rose up with indignation, and found a voice to bear testimony to the DIGNITY, and to assert the DEITY of their divine CREATOR.—Let this consideration plead my excuse.

Impressed with a deep sense of the importance of the subject, and conscious of my own utter inability to defend so illustrious a truth, fearing to darken council by words without knowledge, I wished, but durst not for several years, attempt any thing of this kind, though requested by several friends to do it; however, an unexpected solicitation from a gentleman at that time a perfect stranger, to me, prevailed upon me to take up my pen—I viewed it as the voice of providence, and therefore durst not refuse. So far as I am capable of knowing my own heart, I know this, that I do not write from interested motives, I feel the highest satisfaction in the testimony of my conscience, that I write not for the gain or applause of the world: if the LORD JESUS CHRIST, the great GOD my SAVIOR, is glorified in the smallest degree, if his cause is any way promot-

ed ; and any, if it be only one, of his children edified by any thing he has enabled me to write, my labour will be richly repaid, and he shall have the glory. Conscious as I am of the many improprieties of language and deficiencies in point of grammar, which are very discernable in these poems and tracts, I feel myself constrained to put in a humble claim to the *candid* attention of my readers, from the consideration that I am a *Woman*, that I have not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education ; that some of the pieces were written many years ago, and that I have not had the kind assistance of any judicious friend in preparing them for the press, or even in correcting and revising the proof sheets, but have gone through the whole fatigue of this work myself, and that in the midst of much weakness and indisposition of body.—When these facts are duly weighed, I flatter myself that the soft and gentle hand of *candour* will draw a veil over the inaccuracies of the following pieces, and skreen them from the severity of the keen eye of *criticism*. However, such as they are, I commit them to the care and blessing of heaven ; and I am encouraged to do this, because I know the LORD of Hosts is a GOD of unlimited power, he can not only bless the labours of his great and eminent servants, but he can also bless the feeblest attempts for his glory, and own the weakest instrument ; he is pleased sometimes to make use of weak and contemptible things to confound the mighty and the wise, that no man should glory in man, but that CHRIST should be all in all, 1 Cor. i. 26, 31. That he may be all your salvation and all your desire, gentle reader, is the sincere prayer of

Yours, for CHRIST's sake,

MARIA DE FLEURY.

No. 31, Jewin Street,

July 29, 1791.

THE female author of the following *Essays*, is so well known in the religious world by her many productions, as to need neither introduction nor any recommendation of mine to the public : but as she has earnestly requested it at my hands, I consider her so faithful a champion in having contended earnestly and successfully, (under the divine blessing) for the faith once delivered to the saints, on more occasions than one, that she is fairly entitled to every claim of this kind, both on myself, and on every one of the Lord's watchmen in Zion, that love our Lord Jesus Christ in all his offices, and preach the everlasting gospel in all its branches, in sincerity.

As one therefore that has come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, I honour her. As one that is perfectly sound in the gospel, as the following sheets clearly evince; and especially as she is, like many of her divine Master's servants, poor in this world, though I trust, rich in grace, I heartily commend her, and the present publication, to the church of God; trusting they will encourage the sale of it, not only for her profit, but I humbly hope for the glory of God, and the good of precious souls.

T. WILLS.

July 23, 1791.

[illegible]

DEAR READER,

THE following miscellaneous collection, hath been written by a pious godly woman; whom I really believe fears God above many. In many of her writings, her style is rather masculine, than otherwise; and therefore she has been suspected of publishing works under her name, which were not her own, but had some Minister for their author:—whoever thus judged, I am persuaded were altogether mistaken. Being frequently in the company of ministers, it is not to be wondered at, if she should IMPERCEPTIBLY speak or write, in some respects, after their manner. The pieces in prose and verse, that are here presented to thee, are not *controversial*, like some of the productions of the same pen, but they will be found to be of such a nature, that I think all *unprejudiced* friends of the Lord Jesus Christ will cordially receive them. A warm attachment to and no inconsiderable zeal for the glorious doctrines of the *Trinity*—Of the *Divinity of the Lord Jesus*, and of the *Divinity and divine personality of the Holy Ghost*, are discernable throughout the work: Nor are the other truths of the gospel sparingly introduced.—If thou, beloved reader, art one of the followers of the Lamb; if Christ be very precious to thee; if his name be as ointment poured forth to thy soul, then most probably

bably, the perusal of this publication will afford thee both pleasure and profit; especially if thou lookest up to the blessed Spirit of God for a divine blessing upon it.

If it should be asked, what was my inducement to write this recommendatory address? I must inform the reader, that it was not from any supposition that the name at the close hereof, had any weight, which would render any capital service to the performance or to the spread thereof; or that either the ONE or the OTHER needed such help; but the particular desire of the writer constrained me, she having been for some years, a worthy member of the church of Christ amongst whom I have long laboured, with whom I hope to live and die. I was the more disposed to accede to her request, as the matter that follows appears to me to be agreeable to the word of God and calculated to promote the manifestative glory of God and the good of precious souls.

That some poor sinners minds may receive benefit from her labours—that she may have the pleasure of knowing this to be the case, if not in this world, at least in the world to come—that the Redeemer's honour and his kingdom may spread far and wide, and all his enemies be scattered, is the sincere desire and prayer of

Thy sincere friend in our common Lord,

Clerkenwell,
July 25, 1791.

JOHN TOWERS.

To all inquisitive and impartial Lovers of the Truths of the Gospel.

MY FRIENDS,

IT is a matter of unspeakable importance to have right conceptions of the revealed character of GOD; and in order to this, a man must have a very low opinion of his own understanding, as to its weakness to discern, to possess and retain the truths of divine revelation; and he must abide by this as a most sure principle, "that it is reasonable to submit to the plain dictates of God in all affairs, which reason, independent of revelation, could never discover."

Every wise man will never depart from this principle; and consequently he will come to his bible not to teach GOD what he ought to reveal, or how he ought to express himself, but he will submit his reason and conscience intirely to the dominion of infinite and eternal truth.

This will be the case in a very peculiar manner with respect to all our enquiries into the evidence of the Divinity of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, we shall not rashly reject it, nor with boldness and irreverence inquire into the modus of it; but we shall with great sincerity and simplicity of heart receive the whole testimony of God concerning it.

With these preliminaries, I search my bible for the evidences of Christ's Divinity;—I find he is stiled JEHOVAH, LORD and GOD, in a thousand places in the holy bible—I find that all the natural and moral perfections which are ascribed to GOD

the Father, are equally ascribed to God the Son—I find that all the works of Creation, Providence and Redemption, equally belong to God the Son as they belong to God the Father—I find that all acts of worship which were ever paid to God the Father, are equally paid to God the Son. Unbounded esteem rising into veneration; unbounded veneration rising into adoration, and unutterable admiration of the beauties of the divine works, and unspeakable gratitude for divine blessings.—The patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, all join in one voice crying out, “Glory, honor, praise and power be to God the Redeemer for ever and ever!” What then shall we think of those miserable men who declare that the corner-stone of all error is the idolatrous worship of JESUS CHRIST? these men may cry and blubber concerning the loss of their *apparatus*, their *books*, and their precious *manuscripts*; it would be well for them if they would rather cry and roar with conviction and sorrow, under a sense of their hatred, their malice, their blasphemy of the eternal person of the son of God. This bitter repentance would become them well, they would then conciliate the esteem and affection of all the sincere lovers of CHRIST. But now whilst they continue in a state of impenitence, and impudent rejection of CHRIST, they must remain the objects of contempt and abhorrence to God and man.

The following poem is designed to display the true and eternal divinity of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. My respect to the author is sincere, my regard for the subject is great and infinitely superior to all the personal friendship that can exist in this world.

JOHN RYLAND.

July 26, 1791.

IMMANUEL;

OR THE

GODHEAD OF *CHRIST* DISPLAYED.

A P O E M.

J. M. A. J. E. L.

OF THE

GOVERNMENT OF CHRISTIANITY

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

IMMANUEL;

A P O E M.

COME, from thy heav'nly seat, O sacred Muse,
And warm my heart with thy own hallow'd fire;
Bid it awake to raptures all divine.

O bear me on thy bright celestial wing
Above the confines of this little world, 5

Above yon starry orbs, and that pale moon;
With swiftest flight, O mount and soar away,
And waft me to the realms of purest light,

Where the full splendors of eternal day,
The unveil'd glories of the Lord the Lamb, 10

Blaze forth in beams of light ineffable,
And make the sun ashamed.—Fain would I fly

To that bright world, but chains forbid my flight,
Check my ambition, bind me down to earth;

The chains, the shackles of mortality. 15

Come then, O meditation, maid divine,
Help me to muse the rest, and let my mind

View things unseen by any mortal eye,

And tho' confin'd in flesh, converse with heaven.

B

There

There, on a glorious throne, IMMANUEL reigns,

The GOD of nature, and the GOD of grace : 20

LORD of ten thousand worlds ; array'd in flesh.

A MAN, but not of sorrows now, no more

A sacrifice for sin, he b'leeds and dies.

'Tis done !—The great SALVATION is complete :

And high exalted, now he lives and reigns 25

A Priest upon his throne—there angels bow

And own their Master and adore their GOD.

There blood bought saints, the trophies of his grace

Prostrate before his feet, pierced for their sins,

Cast down their crowns of amaranth and gold, 30

And Abr'ham's sons with gentile sinners join

To raise the triumphs of the sinner's friend.

Do Angels bow before IMMANUEL's throne,

And, in triumphant songs adore his name ? 35

Yes ! their bright myriads, tho' ten thousand times

Ten thousand, fill'd with holy awe and zeal,

With burning love and pure immortal joy,

Veil their celestial faces with their wings

When they draw near his seat : Lift, O my soul ! 40

I hear the voice of mighty seraphim,

Louder than ocean in his loudest roar ;

I hear archangels shout—they clap their wings,

Their gorgeous wings, and with sweet unison

In one grand chorus shake the upper skies. 45

“ Hail ! holy, holy, holy LORD (they cry)—

LORD GOD of sabbaoth ! Worthy the Lamb *,

The

I M M A N U E L.

3

The SELF-EXISTENT and eternal God,
Cloath'd with humanity, great King of heav'n,
And Ransomer of men! Worthy art thou 50
Of endless domination, pow'r and praise."—

Hark! the redeemed millions join the song,
Take up the theme, and tune their golden harps
To higher strains, as stronger motives call
To nobler gratitude, and boundless praise. 55

"Worthy the Lamb, who stoop'd so low for us
To veil his Godhead in a robe of flesh,
Who bought us with his blood: Our sacrifice;
Our righteousness; who brought us by his grace
From every nation of the peopled earth 60

To reign in glory, kings and priests to him.
Worthy the Lamb of blessing, pow'r and might,
Riches and honour, everlasting thanks.

Let heaven and earth, and all creation join
To worship him, for whom, and by whose pow'r
All things subsist; glory and praise be his
Who sitteth on the throne, who once was dead
But lives for ever" Lo! again they shout
"Worthy the Lamb!" and at his gracious feet
In low prostration fall, sweetly o'erwhelm'd 70
With rapturous gratitude, with heav'nly love,

How grand the theme, how glorious the song!
What melody, when saints and angels sing
God the REDEEMER's praise. But hark, my soul!
JEHOVAH speaks, let heaven and earth attend 75
In solemn silence to the great decree.

B 2

"Hear

" Hear, all my angels, my celestial pow'rs ;
 " Cherubic armies, flaming seraphim ;
 " Bright sons of morn, who hymn around my throne,
 " Or thro' my spacious universe dispense 80
 " The sov'reign mandates of my righteous will.
 " Behold my FIRST BEGOTTEN, and adore
 " JESUS the GOD, the MAN for sinners slain.
 " At my right hand he sits exalted high,
 " Fall at his feet and worship him as me." 85
 And to the son he saith, " Thy throne, O God
 " Endures for ever, thy right hand shall grasp
 " A righteous sceptre thro' eternity ;
 " And rule with sov'reign sway ; (thy native right)
 " The boundless empire which thine hands have form'd."
 Thus from his throne, th' Almighty Father spake. 90
 The sov'reign voice kindled new joy in heav'n—
 Low at his feet they bow ; the concave rung
 With hallelujahs, voices jubilant
 Proclaim the honours of the slaughter'd Lamb. 95
 A GOD INCARNATE ! let the heav'ns rejoice !
 A GOD INCARNATE ! let the earth be glad !
 Reigns o'er the heavens and earth, the ransom'd throng,
 And hosts angelic hymn his sacred name
 With bursts of loud applause.—Thee too they sing
 ALMIGHTY FATHER, and adore thy grace ; 100
 FATHER of JESUS CHRIST, thy first elect,
 Father, in him, of all the chosen seed ;
 Father of everlasting love to men.
 Nor from the song do they disjoin thy name,
 Eternal SPIRIT ! Holy COMFORTER ! 105
 Giver of life, of peace, and heav'nly joy ;
 Great

Great Sanctifier of thine Israel,
 But lowly reverent, at thy feet they fall,
 And give due worship to a triune God. 110
 The Almighty JAH! the infinite I AM!
 A God in cov'nant for the sons of men.
 Celestial armies sing his boundless name;
 And the redeemed swell his triumphs high,
 While they ascribe salvation; pow'r and praise
 And endless honours to their SAVIOUR-GOD. 115

While thus the heav'ns adore; come, O my soul,
 And let thy noblest pow'rs awake and sing:
 O catch a spark of that celestial fire
 That animates the concert of the skies. 120
 Thou too art chosen from the sons of men;
 Thou too art purchas'd by the blood of God *.
 Call'd from the heirs of wrath, by grace divine,
 And seal'd a daughter and an heir of heav'n.
 Come then, my soul, and at thy Father's feet. 125
 Low in the dust adore his sov'reign grace,
 And bless the wonders of electing love,
 That made a Saviour thine, and wrote thy name,
 Thy worthless name, in JESU's book of life.
 JESUS, my GOD, I love thee, and adore! 130
 O for a heart inflam'd, an heart on fire
 With constant, pure, seraphic love of thee,
 Great Lover of my soul; who lov'd so dear,
 That from thy throne of glory, stooping low,
 To plunge into a boundless sea of grief, 135
 A boundless sea of wrath divine; to plunge
 Into the dreadful jaws of death, and all
 The gloomy horrors of the grave, for me.

B 3

* Acts XL. 26.

He stoop'd to conquer.—See the rising God,
 Bursting the iron barriers of the grave; 140
 Abolish'd death expiring at his feet,
 And satan bound in everlasting chains,
 Led at the glorious Victor's chariot wheels
 Triumphant thro' the air. My King, my God!
 I laud thy triumphs, and adore thy name: 145
 My great salvation Thou! my All in All!
 Now high exalted on thy regal seat,
 Where from eternity thou sat supreme,
 The radiant, awful glories of the God
 Shine thro' the milder beauties of the man, 150
 Blessing thy saints and angels with full draughts
 Of boundless pleasures, and immortal joy.

Thy sov'reign grace, Spirit divine! I sing;
 Fountain of holiness, of life and love!
 Great glorifier of a Saviour's name; 155
 Revealer of the hidden things of God.
 Thy new creating voice bade me awake
 From nature's sleep; the dreadful sleep of sin;
 To all the joys of light and life divine;
 To all the bliss of immortality! 160
 Of pardon'd sin, and fellowship with God,
 Thro' the rich streams of a Redeemer's blood,
 Of sin subdu'd, and a triumphant hope
 Of the bright glories of eternity.
 Come, Holy Comforter! descend and dwell 165
 In my cold heart, warm it with heav'nly fire;
 Make it thy temple, tune my stamm'ring tongue
 To lofty notes of praise, such as thy love
 Deserves, O ever blessed TRINITY,

On

IMMANUEL.

9

One undivided glorious DEITY:

170

One self-existent and eternal God,
My Father, Saviour, everlasting Friend.

Let every power of my redeemed soul

Be dedicate to thee; let every pulse

Beat high for thee, and every breath aspire

175

In grateful hallelujahs to my God.

Hark! O my soul, what voice is that? what sounds

Discordant break upon mine ear? 'tis harsh

As distant thunder;—muttering and low,

Such as magicians use, when with dark spells

180

They raise ill spirits in the midnight hour.

Lift! it comes nearer, and embolden'd, speaks

In plainer accents, that my startled soul

Can catch its murmurs, and distinctly hear

The words of discontent that from it flow.

185

“Is JESUS CHRIST the self-existent God?”

“No, I deny it, what blasphemous tongue

“Dares to pronounce him so? the wretch who dares

“Is an IDOLATER, and robs his GOD

“Of his prime glory.—Jesus is a MAN;

“A man, in whom perfection dwells, 'tis true,

“And holy innocence, but yet a man.

“The SON of GOD, as he himself declares;

“He liv'd our bright example, and he dy'd

“Prime MARTYR to the glorious truths he taught,

“Of patience, meekness, heav'nly charity.

195

“Correct thy erring song then, worship God;

“Nor let a creature share with him the praise.”

What

What words are these! hears't thou, O SUN, a voice
 Deny the Deity of thy CREATOR,
 And dost not hide thy radiant head in clouds?
 Dost thou not feel, O EARTH, the dreadful shock,
 And tremble to thy centre?—Fearful awe
 Has seiz'd my spirit, all my pow'rs recoil!
 Horror thrillst thro' my veins, and all aghast
 I stand and look around—Am I awake? 205

And is there, in a universe of beings,
 One who with front of brass; and vip'rous tongue
 Dare thus affront his Maker? Whence this voice?
 From heaven it comes not; there in concord sweet,
 The blest inhabitants bow at his name; 210
 And hail him GOD o'er all, for ever blest.
 From the dark regions of eternal woe,
 Where night and everlasting horrors reign,
 It must proceed—yet no! the great arch-fiend,
 Satan, the leader of the rebel host, 215

And all his millions, know the dignity
 Of man's Redeemer. They can never doubt
 Messiah's Godhead, till they cease to be.
 Deep rooted memory of what is past;
 And sense of present pain, constrains belief. 220

Yes! they BELIEVE and TREMBLE, for they know
 His might, tremble thro' ev'ry pow'r,
 And from the truth of his eternal being,
 They know their own eternity of woe.

They felt the pow'r of his OMNIPOTENCE 225
 When from the realms of bliss he drove them down
 To utter darkness; from his vengeful arm
 They fled affrighted, but in vain they fled.
 His vengeance follow'd; flames of wrath divine

Pursu'd

Pursu'd their flight, ten thousand thunders roll'd 230
And sunk them low in horrors infinite.
And long since that, has satan and his crew
Of spirits accursed, felt the potent arm
Of man's Redeemer, when in human flesh
Array'd, they from his presence fled with speed, 235
Obey'd his awful mandate, fear'd his frown,
And trembled thro' their being at his name.
Not less Almighty, when a man of grief,
Than when enthron'd between the cherubim.
But chiefly then, when bursting from the grave 240
The rising GOD triumphant over death,
Trampled beneath his feet the powr's of hell,
Then vanquish'd Satan felt a second fall;
His empire to its deep foundations shook,
New terrors, like a flood, o'erwhelm'd his heart; 245
New blasphemies employ'd his horrid tongue.
The fierce, the proud blasphemer shakes his chain
In all the rage and madness of despair,
Yet owns the mighty arm that binds him down
In everlasting horrors, feels and owns 250
Jesus the CONQUEROR; the GOD he hates.
Nor is there in the dark abhorred pit
One hapless, ruin'd soul! who doubts this truth.
Eternity sweeps unbelief away.
There's no deception there; the truth they know. 255
O fearful knowledge, by experience learn'd,
In the black realms of endless misery,
They see the truth, but by the dreadful light

OF

Of Tophet's flames; O horrible! to know
When knowledge sinks the deeper in despair. 260

If heav'nly hosts unite to raise on high
The lofty honours of the SAVIOUR-GOD:
If in the world beneath, he reigns in wrath,
And all its millions feel his Deity;
'Tis here alone exists the MAN who dares 265
Boldly deny his sov'reign dignity.
And is it thou, LOTHARIO? come thou man
Of REASON and PHILOSOPHY, come bring
Thy pow'rful reasons, potent arguments,
Summon thy depth of thought, for thou art wise. 270
More wise than Angels, yet more ignorant
(O shame to thee) than Devils. Come and bring
Thy strong objections; come, Goliath like
In tenfold armour clad.—I come to thee
In the great name and strength of him whom thou 275
Defiest; JESUS, my GOD,—say'st thou that I
Blasp'hème, and with presumptuous boldness rob
Th' ETERNAL FATHER of his sacred right,
In paying to the SON honours divine?
The charge is false and groundless; I adore 280
A triune Deity with equal Praise.
When low before the Lamb who died, I bow,
And hail him as Jehovah, GOD of Hosts,
'Tis in obedience to the FATHER's will;
'Tis in obedience to the FATHER's voice. 285
Hear the great mandate, hear and tremble thou,
Who

Who dares't rebel against the grand decree?
 "LET ALL THE ANGELS OF GOD WORSHIP HIM."
 What! does th' eternal FATHER call his hosts,
 Celestial spirits that surround his throne, 290
 Before a creature's footstool to fall down,
 And pay their adorations to a man?
 Has he not said, he'll not divide his praise,
 Nor give his glory to another?—Say
 Thou learned in the scriptures, has he not 295
 In thunders made his sov'reign pleasure known,
 That no created thing in heav'n or earth
 Shall stand his rival, or his honours share,
 And has he chang'd his mind?—Can the great God
 Say and unsay! forbid idolatry 300
 In terms direct, command idolatry
 In terms direct, and bid his winged saints,
 The holy ministers that round him wait
 Worship an idol and adore a MAN?
 O no! he is of one eternal mind, 305
 And changeth not; yet such the Deity
 Lothario worships; One who bids to-day
 What he unbids to-morrow; who could trust
 A soul with such a fluctuating God?
 If the Redemer be no more than man, 310
 Or if he lives and shines a demy-God,
 The first of creatures, he's a creature still,
 If to another he his being owe
 Derivative, he cannot be supreme,
 If not supreme, no adoration due. 315

But

But if ador'd, an idol, yet saith God
 " Confounded be all they that idols serve*,
 " But bow my Angels at Immanuel's feet†,
 And worship him as Me, with equal zeal.
 He whose devouring breath, like streams of fire 320
 Idols and idol-makers shall consume;
 Bids us adore the SON, and kiss his feet
 In low prostration, why? because in him
 Two natures join, a human and divine.
 A Man, a Son, he is, and yet a God. 325
 The self-existing and eternal JAH!
 One essence with the Father; we may bow
 And safely worship at IMMANUEL's feet;
 For he is GOD WITH US, we may draw near
 And pay our humble adorations there, 330
 Upon the high authority of heav'n;
 A warrant sign'd by GOD the Father's hand;
 And seal'd with the great signet of the skies.
 Unto the SON he saith, " Thy throne, O God,
 " For ever must endure, thy sceptre still, 335
 " Shall rule o'er heav'n and earth with boundless sway,
 " They are the work of thine Almighty hand;
 " They shall expire; but thou shalt yet remain
 " Triumphant in thine own eternity."
 Hear'st thou, LOTHARIO, what the voice divine 340
 Testifies of the SAVIOR's dignity?
 Behold the starry glories of the skies;
 The splendid king of day, and that bright moon,
 Whose

Whose milder beams illuminate the night:
Behold the earth, clad in the gay attire 345
Of roseate SUMMER, when the grove-crown'd hills
Rejoice, and humbler vallies laugh and sing.
Exalt thy view above th' etherial sky.
Behold the wing'd inhabitants who dwell
In happy fields beyond—the sons of morn; 350
Grand intellectual essences—from thence,
Look downward, thro' the vast, the various tribes
Of beings numberless, that float in air,
That walk the earth, and wash their scaly coats
In limpid streams, and ocean's briny wave. 355
All these, the creatures of IMMANUEL'S hand,
To being by his mighty fiat call'd,
Live on his bounty; own him Lord of all,
And with a solemn glorious voice proclaim
The mighty builder of a universe, 360
So grand, so good, so eminently fair,
Can be no less a being than a God;
The uncreated, self-existent God.
Do the whole race of creatures owe their birth
To the Redeemer's pow'r, and on his will 365
Depends their being? then Lothario breaths
The breath he gave him, that immortal soul,
With all its reas'ning pow'r's, thy boast, thy pride;
The wond'rous casket where that jewel dwells,
Form'd by his great creating hand, upheld 370
By constant emanations of his pow'r;
Witness th' important truth, that he to whom
Creation owes her being, must himself
Be uncreate, eternal and supreme.

Who's

Who's then the thief **LOTHARIO**, thou or I? 375
 Say, who's the wretch who robs his **GOD** of praise?
 I bow before my Maker's awful throne;
 Ascribe to him essential Deity,
 And join angelic hosts to worship him,
 In due obedience to the high command 380
 Of the eternal **FATHER**, Thou more bold,
 Dar'st to stand forth, and in the face of heav'n,
 Undeify thy **MAKER**, spurn the law
 To angels given by th' eternal King,
 Charge the immutable and changeless **GOD** 385
 With mutability; the **GOD** whose heart
 Abhors idolatry, with setting up
 Of idol worship.—I the charge return
 Of blasphemy and treason on thyself;
 I am a loyal subject to the king 390
 Invisible, immortal, ever blest.
 But thou'rt a traitor of the blackest kind,
 A rebel of the deepest, darkest dye;
 A vile ingrate, who breathes his Maker's air,
 Who lives upon the bounties of his hand; 395
 And tells him he is not a Deity.
 If to rebel against the great decree
 Of heaven's Almighty, be to honour him,
 To contradict his sov'reign voice, and mar
 His bright perfections, be to glorify 400
 The **GOD** you worship, then **Lothario** gives
 Abundant glory to his Deity.
 When disobedience for obedience stands;
 And contumacy proves our loyalty,
 Then will th' eternal Father's smile approve 405
 Lothario's

Lothario's worship, and accept his zeal.
Till then, his frown the rebel must pursue,
And his strong arm avenge the bold affront*.

To fix the crown upon MESSIAH's head;
To prove the SAVIOR's character divine,

410

C

The

* Compare Exodus xx. 3, 4. with Psal. xcvi. 7. and Heb i. 6. Here we find the infinite Jehovah claiming to himself the honours of divine worship as his own peculiar right, and forbidding the adoration of any creature whatever, in heaven or earth, in the most direct terms, and yet laying as direct and positive an injunction upon the most exalted of his creatures to pay that very worship to the LORD JESUS CHRIST. "Worship HIM, all ye gods," saith the eternal Father: the apostle Paul informs us this glorious HIM is no other person than the LORD JESUS CHRIST; consequently he is the self-existent God; for if we suppose him a mere man, with the Socinian, or a demi-god, with the Arian, yet we must suppose him to be a *Creature*, and then God the Father in commanding him to be worshipped, commands that very act of idolatry which he hath himself so expressly forbidden; but this supposition is absurd to an extreme, and full of blasphemy; it is highly derogatory to the divine perfections, and very unworthy of the Deity. But if the LORD JESUS CHRIST possesses two natures in one person, not only the HUMAN, in its highest degree of perfection, but also a DIVINE, CO-EQUAL, CO-ETERNAL, CO-ESSENTIAL with the FATHER and HOLY SPIRIT, possessing his being in, and of HIMSELF alone, which is the truth, then there is the highest propriety in this command for the angels to worship him; and it does not clash in the least with the first and second commandments, because he is in unity of essence with the FATHER, and the HOLY GHOST; that very Jehovah who forbids idol worship, and claims all the adoration of his creatures as his own peculiar right.—In commanding divine worship to be paid to the Redeemer, and in ascribing the great work of creation to him, which can be the production of no less a being than an infinite God; and therefore says the Apostle, "He that built all things is GOD," Heb. iii. 4. GOD the Father gives the strongest testi-

The holy Ghost, Spirit of truth, appears
 A witness incontestible, and gives
 The clearest evidence, so bright, so full,
 So big with demonstration, that to doubt,
 Argues the proud, perverse, rebellious heart, 415
 More than the fable shades of ignorance
 Clouding the mind.---See a bright train arise
 Of prophets and apostles; proof on proof,
 Establishing this grand and glorious truth,
 That JESUS is JEHOVAH! GOD supreme. 420
 They sung his name IMMANUEL, GOD with us,
 GOD in our nature, manifest in flesh†.
 The LORD of Hosts HIMSELF*, the mighty GOD;
 The Father of eternity, the prince
 Of peace divine, who made it with his blood. 425
 Whose going forth in wisdom, pow'r and love,
 Hath been from everlasting; and shall be
 While everlasting ages roll along §.
 Though a meek babe in humble Bethlehem
 In time he condescended to be born, 430
 And in one glorious person made to meet
 Two distinct natures, human and divine.
 In lofty strains, the raptur'd prophets sing
 The native honours of the SAVIOR GOD,

Hail

testimony possible to the Divinity of the LORD JESUS
 CHRIST; and whoever dares to reject that testimony,
 does it at the peril of their souls: and though they who
 do, vainly suppose they are doing him honour; yet the
 truth is, they cannot offer him a more insolent, daring
 and aggravated affront: they give him the lie to his
 face; they rob him of his brightest perfections, and add
 to the sin of disobedience, that of high treason against
 the glorious Redeemer, the KING of KINGS, and LORD
 of LORDS, whom God the Father's soul delighteth to
 honour.

† Isaiah vii. 14. * Isaiah viii. 13. † Peter ii. 8. § Micah v. 2.

Hail him Jehovah, and exalt his throne 535
 All thrones above; yet with sweet voice proclaim
 His love and mercy to his ransom'd church,
 Her Maker, Husband, everlasting Friend;
 And O sweet name, The LORD her RIGHTEOUSNESS §
 The LORD her strength, he who alone can be 440
 A just Jehovah, yet a SAVIOUR-GOD*.
 GOD over all †, the only Potentate,
 The only wise, who in himself alone
 Hath immortality ¶. Th' essential word †,
 Who tabernacled in a house of clay 445
 Man amongst men, yet in whose person shines
 The brightness of the Father's glory forth,
 In beams so radiant, that no mortal eye
 Can bear the splendors.---In our JESUS dwell
 The full perfections of the Deity. 450
 Girt with OMNIPOTENCE, he rules o'er all,
 While his OMNISCIENT eye beholds the night
 Shine as the Day, and tenfold darkness blaze
 In all the gilded beams of noon.—He fills
 Unbounded space; and in supreme degree, 455
 Possesses all the attributes divine.
 The INCOMMUNICABLE names and things
 Of heaven's JEHOVAH. Has LOTHARIO heard
 These faithful witnesses in concord sweet,
 Record the native dignity of him 460
 Who DIED on CALVARY? has he not seen
 Them bow the humble knee before his throne,
 And as his heralds, found from pole to pole
 The glories of the great redeeming God?

C 2

While

§ Jeremiah xxiii. 6, * Isaiah xlv. 21. † Rom. ix. 5.
 ¶ 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16. † John i. 6.

While yet their message is not theirs, but his 469
 Who sent them forth. Th' eternal SPIRIT speaks
 By prophets and apostles to mankind,
 And sets his royal seal, the seal of heav'n
 To this grand TRUTH, that JESUS Son of GOD,
 Is the eternal self-existent JAH. 470
 The great FIRST CAUSE; to whom creation owes
 Her birth and being; by his potent voice
 Call'd from the womb of chaos and upheld
 T' exalt the glories of its maker GOD.
 What says LOTHARIO to this evidence? 475
 Is it not valid, pointed, strong and clear,
 Decisive, and sufficient to repel
 The subtile arguments of unbelief;
 Is not this WITNESS, worthy to be heard?
 Worthy of credit? Can'st thou aught object 480
 T' invalidate the evidence he gives?
 Has he e'er err'd, or brought a false report?
 No, he's the GOD of Truth, that cannot lie;
 Then why believe him not? with voice divine
 He testifies of JESUS; and to him 485
 Ascribes the names, the glorious characters
 And grand perfections of the DEITY.
 This is the testimony of a GOD;
 But lo! LOTHARIO rises from the dust,
 A creature of a day; a worm of earth, 490
 And strong in all the might of reason's pow'r,
 Denies the grand assertion.---Say, O man
 Profoundly wise, who must the liar be
 In this great contest, is it earth or heav'n?
 LOTHARIO, or his GOD? shame flush the cheek, 495
 And harrow up the rebel soul who dares.

Impute

Impute such infamy to his Creator.
 No! just and true art thou, Almighty king;
 A God of truth, without iniquity.
 'Tis the proud reas'ning insect of the earth;
 The *mite* drop'd down from the Creator's hand 500
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,
 Less in his sight than is the grass-hopper*.
 Who darkens council, and with erring tongue
 And stubborn heart, rejects the voice of heav'n,
 Because his finite nature cannot grasp 505
 The nature of the INFINITE I AM;
 His purblind reason cannot comprehend
 The great, the grand INCOMPREHENSIBLE,

Behold the SON of Man in robes of light, 510
 Walking amidst the golden candlesticks,
 Celestial splendors shine around his head.
 Girt with omnipotence; his flaming eye
 Darts lightnings round; piercing the heights of heav'n,
 The depths of hell, the gloomy shades of death,
 And deepest recess of the human heart. 515
 Like polish'd brass his feet; so firm he stands
 In all th' immutability of God.
 His hand supports the stars, and from his lips
 A two-edg'd sword proceeds, pointed and keen 520
 To slay his enemies; bright with the rays
 Shot from vindictive justice burning eye,
 While as the sun in his meridian strength
 His count'nance shines in majesty divine.
 Sublime his voice, more awful than the sound 525
 Of many waters in tumultuous roar,

C 3

Let

* Isaiah xl. 15, 17, 22.

Let heav'n and earth attend, Messiah speaks,
And with solemnity beyond compare,
Declares his grand essential dignity.

"I am the FIRST, the LAST, the great I AM. 530
The ALPHA and OMEGA. LORD of All.
Supreme eternal ages past, I reign
Thro' time, and shall extend my potent sway,
While everlasting ages roll along.
Th' ALMIGHTY, who was dead, but live again, 535
And live for ever: Lo! my hands contain
The adamantine keys of hell and death.
One with the eternal Father ever blest;
In all the grand essential dignities
And independance of the Deity. 540
My name is KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS.
On my white horse I ride triumphant forth,
Conqu'ring, to conquer all my enemies,
By the vindictive terrors of my hand;
Or the sweet sceptre of victorious love. 545
Great Shepherd of my sheep, with my strong arm
I snatch them from the jaws of death and hell.
And from the east and west; from north and south
Gather my Lambs with condescending grace,
And in my gentle bosom foster them, 550
With all the kind compassions of a God;
Yet on my great white throne I shall appear,
My throne of judgment, from before my face
The heav'ns and earth shall flee, my voice shall shake
Hell from its deep foundations;—shall unloose 555
The bands of death, and call his pris'ners up
To hear their final sentence from my mouth.
To own my great determinations just,
And

And feel and know that GOD is judge himself,
 The mighty GOD, Jehovah: then to me 560
 All knees shall bow, and ev'ry tongue confess
 That I am LORD, to GOD the Father's praise.
 He loves the SON, and to his hand commits
 All judgment, that his creatures may adore,
 And equal homage, equal honours pay 565
 As to the Father: He that honours me,
 Honours the Father; he that disobey's,
 Shall feel the vengeance of a triune GOD.
 The sinner who believes not that I AM,
 Dies in his sins, sinks to the depths of hell, 570
 To endless night and everlasting fire.
 While in my kingdom, shall my saints rejoice,
 And see in their Redeemer's person shine
 The fulness of unclouded DEITY."

Thus speaks the lips of TRUTH, can doubt arise 575
 Against a testimony so divine!
 'Tis written in the mouth of two or three
 Whose witness harmonize, shall ev'ry word
 Established, in public credit, stand,
 Nor scrup'lous unbelief dare wag her tongue. 580
 Here then, LOTHARIO, is th' eternal THREE,
 The undivided GOD, in essence one,
 Bearing united evidence to prove
 The native grandeur of the sinner's friend;
 The BABE at BETHLEHEM; the MAN who groan'd 585
 In sad GETHSEMANE, who bled and died
 A sacrifice for sin on CALVARY.
 The GOD whose arm supports a universe;
 The king supreme who reigns o'er earth and heav'n,

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And with solemnity beyond compare,
Declares his grand essential dignity.

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 The BABE at BETHLEHEM; the MAN who groan'd 585
 In sad GETHSEMANE, who bled and died
 A sacrifice for sin on CALVARY.
 The God whose arm supports a universe;
 The king supreme who reigns o'er earth and heav'n,

And stretches forth his empire over hell. 591
 JEHOVAH JESUS, bright with all the rays
 Of the eternal Father's majesty,
 His own essential, independant right.
 And is LOTHARIO deaf to all the proof
 A God can give of his divinity? 595
 And is LOTHARIO blind to all the beams
 Of light divine that REVELATION pours
 On the grand mystery of Godliness?
 How would LOTHARIO smile, should he behold
 An idiot, shutting out the light of day, 600
 Refusing the bright glories of the Sun
 To cheer him with a taper's feeble beam.
 Yet such thy folly, O thou man of parts!
 Deep read in SCIENCE, nurtur'd in the schools
 Of lit'rature, thou with maturest thought, 605
 Rejects the glorious beams of LIGHT DIVINE,
 Th' unerring testimony of a God;
 To walk by the false glimm'ring of thine own
 Depraved, beclouded REASON. REASON cries,
 Right REASON, REASON sanctified by GRACE, 610
 Cries with loud voice, Sinner obey thy God,
 Receive his mandates, and believe his word.
 'Tis REASON's triumph to fall lowly down,
 And bow to REVELATION's grand display
 Of sacred truth; and where its pow'rs o'ercome 615
 By splendors all divine, must sink and fail;
 Believe and acquiesce with humble awe,
 Silent, adore the heights it cannot climb,
 Ascribing TRUTH and WISDOM to its God.

I M M A N U E L.

25

Does the Redeemer to himself assume
 All the grand titles due to Deity,
 And is he not the Deity supreme?
 Is he a virtuous, high exalted man,
 Humble and lowly while he dwelt below,
 Now ruling all things by deputed pow'r?
 Where is his virtue, if he utter lies?
 Where is his goodness, if he can deceive?
 Where's his humility if he presume
 To arrogate the stile of DEITY?
 The glorious characters, and awful names
 Of heaven's Jehovah, this were blasphemy;
 Pride, horrid pride; no virtuous holy man
 Dare so presume, t'would stamp his character
 The worst of beings: Can LOTHARIO's faith
 Commit his soul to such a Savior's hands?
 Nay, be consistent; if he be not GOD,
 As he asserts, say not he is a man
 Possess of every virtue, good and great,
 Reject him as a cheat, impostor vile;
 Commit thy erring bible to the flames,
 And seek salvation by some other way
 Than that reveals; that knows no other name
 Than JESUS CHRIST, the ever-living GOD.
 Say he is holy, then his word is true;
 For truth and holiness can never part;
 If true his word, the titles he assumes,
 The glorious attributes he calls his own
 Must be his native right.—Grant this—He shines
 In the full splendors of the Deity,
 The uncreate, the ever blest I AM.
 No cheat, no impostor, but the great God.

620

625

630

635

640

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650

The

The righteous Judge, who comes in flaming fire,
To pour his wrath upon his enemies.

O may LOTHARIO, by his grace subdu'd
Fall at his feet in time, and kiss the Son, 655

That when that day arrive, he may appear

The GOD of his salvation; angels then

Shall tune their golden harps, and sweetly sing

The *Prodigal* restored to life and peace,

Their Master honoured and a sinner fav'd; 660

And while joy echoes thro' the courts of heav'n,

The distant earth shall catch the pleasing sound,

Saints shall delight to hear the news, to see

Triumphant TRUTH prevail, and error fall,

JESUS exalted, and LOTHARIO blest*. 665

Let

* It was appointed by the Mosaic law that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word should be established — now if the witness of men is to be received, as to the things of men, the witness of GOD is greater, and certainly ought to be received as to the things of GOD. There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit, and these Three not only are One in essence, but bear one united testimony of the Divinity of the LORD JESUS CHRIST. The declarations of GOD the FATHER upon this grand subject are noticed in the former note. The witness of the Holy Spirit runs throughout the scriptures of the old and new testament. Both prophets and apostles proclaim this illustrious truth, and the Redeemer who assumes to himself the character of essential truth, John xiv. 6. assumes to himself also all the other characters, perfections and titles which peculiarly belong to the Deity. — One of the grand characteristics of Jehovah, is that of being the *searcher* of the heart, and the trier of the reins of the children of men, 1 Kings viii. 39. "Then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place: and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his work, whose heart thou knowest; for thou, even thou *only*, knowest the hearts of all the children of men." Psalm vii. 9. "For the righteous GOD trieth the heart and reins," Jer. xi. 20. "O LORD of hosts that judgest righteously, that triest the reins and the heart," *ibid* xvii. 10. "I the LORD search the heart, I try the reins." Now the

Let us by truth and contemplation led,
 From modern scenes, and European climes
 Retire; and thro' the fields of PALESTINE;
 Imperial SALEM, and the flow'ry vale

Of

the LORD JESUS speaking of himself, directly assumes this character. Rev. ii. 23. "And all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and heart, and I will give unto every one of you according to your works." John ii. 24, 25. "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man."—Ezek. xxxiv. 11, 12. The infinite Jehovah condescends to take upon him the character of the great and true Shepherd of Israel; for thus saith the LORD GOD, Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out, as a shepherd seeketh out his flock. Isaiah xl. 10, 11. "Behold the LORD GOD will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold his reward is with him, and his work before him, he shall feed his flock like a shepherd." The LORD JESUS assumes this character, John x. 17. "I am the good shepherd." 1 Peter. ii. 25. "For ye were as sheep going astray, but ye are now returned unto the shepherd and bishop of your souls." Heb. xviii. 10. "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our LORD JESUS, that great shepherd of the sheep."—The supreme government of heaven and earth is ascribed to the Deity. Psal. xlvii. 2, 7. "For the LORD most high is terrible, he is a great king over all the earth, for God is the king of all the earth." But this is ascribed to the LORD JESUS, Rev. xix. 16. as his proper name and title, "KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS." The final judgment of all men, is a work for which none but the Deity can be competent; it is therefore ascribed unto him, Psal. l. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6. "The mighty God even the LORD, hath spoken and called the earth from the rising of the sun, unto the going down thereof: our God shall come, and shall not keep silence, a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him; he shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness, for God is judge HIMSELF." But the new testament declares that grand work will be performed by the LORD JESUS CHRIST, See Matt. xxv. John v. 22, 23. "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the SON, that all men should honour the SON, even as they honour the FATHER; he that honoureth not the SON, honoureth not the FATHER which hath

Of OLIVET, attend the Savior God.

670

See him a MAN, in humble plain attire,
Despis'd, rejected by the sons of men,
Though from his lips all gracious accents flow,
And heav'nly wisdom sits upon his tongue.

Though

hath sent him." Now none can be competent to be the judge of men and angels, but he who is the infinitely righteous, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent God. But the LORD JESUS CHRIST will be the judge of men and angels, consequently he is the infinitely righteous, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent God.—Isaiah viii. 13, 14. "Sanctify the LORD of hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread, and he shall be for a sanctuary, but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both houses of Israel." Compare this with Rom. ix. 32, 33. "For they stumbled at that STUMBLING-STONE, as it is written, 'Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone and rock of offence, and whosoever believeth in him, shall not be ashamed.'" Here it is very evident that the LORD JESUS CHRIST is intended, but Isaiah styles this very person the LORD of HOSTS HIMSELF. Consequently the LORD JESUS is the Lord of hosts himself, which is the grand and most sublime characteristic of the Deity, and which none but the self-existent Deity can possibly sustain. If we attend to the testimony the LORD JESUS bears of himself, we shall find that he assumes the most essential attributes of the Godhead in the plainest and most unequivocal manner possible. Rev. i. 8. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the LORD, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." ver. 17. "I am the first and the last." John viii. 24. "If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins." ver. 58. "Before Abraham was, I AM." Compare this with Isaiah xli. 4. "I the LORD the first, and with the last, I AM he." *ibid* xliii. 11. "I, even I, am the LORD, and beside me there is no Saviour." xliv. 6.—"Thus saith the LORD, the king of Israel, and his Redeemer the LORD of hosts, I am the first, and I am the last, and besides me there is no God." "I and my Father are one," John x. It is impossible for the word of God to be more clear and explicit upon this subject than it is; how dark and benighted must that understanding be, that cannot see this grand truth? how rebellious must that heart be that does see, but will not receive it, and which proudly and obstinately dares to reject and disbelieve the testimony of a triune God? Vain man would be wise, though he is born like

Though his kind heart and lib'ral hand diffuse 675
 Ten thousand all-important blessings round.
 Astonish'd multitudes about him press;
 And from his rich magnificence receive
 Supplies as various as their wants require ;
 For thro' the veil of flesh, that deep disguise, 680
 The glories of a God illustrious shine.
 In acts of matchless pow'r, confound his foes,
 And prove him the Jehovah infinite.
 See universal nature own her LORD,
 Wait with obsequious duty his command, 685
 And swift obedience to his mandate pay.
 The blushing WATER owns the present God,
 And reddens into wine! th' obedient bread,
 A scanty pittance, scarce enough to feed
 A little band of hungry appetites, 690
 See it enlarge, encrease and multiply,
 And dine its thousands with sufficient food,
 While more remains than first the table spread.
 Th' astonish'd thousands, wond'ring stand and shout
 Jesus the prophet and the CHRIST of God! 695

What crouds are these that compass him around,
 And press to touch his seamless garment's hem !
 Children of misery, a ghastly train,
 Num'rous as fallen leaves that strew the ground

Before

a wild ass's colt, Job. But that wisdom is foolishness to an extreme that would exalt itself above the wisdom of God: it is the highest point of wisdom, and the noblest triumph of reason, to bow with acquiescence, humble faith, and holy delight to divine Revelation, and thereby to honour the infinite wisdom and veracity of Jehovah.

Before the autumnal breeze ; emaciate, pale 70
 With pining sickness some, and sore disease ;
 Some on the rack of agonizing pain
 From stone, and sharp acute disorder bred ;
 Some scorch'd with burning fevers, in whose veins
 Death flows triumphant in the purple flood, 705
 And wild delirium revels in the brain.
 Demoniac some, whose wretched carcases
 Are made the dwelling of infernal fiends,
 Tost at their pleasure in the briny wave,
 Or raging fire, lost to humanity 710
 By strange distraction hurried to and fro ;
 No bands can hold them, nor no chains confine.
 The mourners who with cover'd lips exclaim
 Unclean, unclean, (symbolical of those
 Who groan beneath the leprosy of sin.) 715
 Forbid the joys of sweet society,
 Doom'd to perpetual solitude and woe.—
 The blind whose eye-balls ne'er beheld the day,
 Ne'er saw the light, whose balmy blessings cheer
 The heart unhear'd by any joy beside. 720
 The lame, whose feet have never trod the earth,
 Chain'd by contracted limbs to one abode.
 The deaf, the dumb, sad strangers to the sweets
 Of sounds and speech, condemn'd to pine away
 In silence while the circling years roll on. 725
 These, and a thousand more sad objects come
 And throng around where'er the SAVIOR goes,
 How eagerly they press to come in view ;
 How their hearts throb with anxious strong desire
 T' attract his notice, and obtain a cure ! 730
 While their united voice and earnest cries

Humble

Humble petitions to his ear address.
 He speaks ! 'tis done—the mourners cease to groan,
 At his ALMIGHTY FIAT, pale disease,
 Acute disorder, all the ghastly train, 735
 Death's messengers, retire, they quit their prey ;
 Death disappointed, shakes his darts in vain,
 And JESUS triumphs, sov'reign LORD of life.
 See ruddy health her chearful blessings shed,
 Glow in each cheek, and sparkle in each eye: 740
 Late pale and languid, lepers bless the voice
 That spake them clean, for when the SAVIOUR spake
 Omnipotence put forth its mighty arm
 And heal'd them all.—See ! like the bounding roe
 The lame man leaps, and runs with nimble feet, 745
 While his heart dances with extatic joy.
 The stamm'ring tongue unloos'd, its silence breaks,
 And its first accents learn IMMANUEL's praise.
 The blind no more in shades of darkness sit,
 A kind Redeemer speaks the gloom away, 750
 Celestial light bursts on th' astonish'd eye,
 And all is rapture, extacy and praise.
 Satanic hosts obey his great command,
 And at his bidding quit their wretched prey,
 To seek for new abodes, their legions fly 755
 Before his awful frown, lest his strong arm
 Should chain them down ten thousand fathom deep
 In the black gulph, abhorred Tartarous,
 While the poor mortals from their pow'r set free,
 Wake to new life, and sing deliv'ring grace, 760
 Fall down and worship at IMMANUEL's feet,
 And bless the great INCARNATE DEITY.
 Hark ! how a thousand tongues repeat his name.

Hark !

Hark! how hosannahs echo through the air.
 From heart to heart transporting pleasure flies; 763
 And all is wonder, love and praise around.
 Angels unseen admire; and tune their songs
 To swell the triumphs of the great GOD-MAN.

See a fond father weeping o'er his child;
 While mournful relatives stand round her bed 770
 To bid a last adieu. The beauteous girl
 Expiring lays, pale as the hand of death,
 Disease has done his fatal work, and lo!
 The gloomy king, high brandishing his dart,
 Seizes his lovely prey; life ebbs apace, 775
 And death victorious folds her in his arms,
 And lays the breathless victim in the dust.
 But JESUS comes; can his strong arm arrest
 The monster death, and force him to disgorge
 The swallow'd morsel?—Can his pow'rful voice 780
 Call back the soul on angels wings convey'd
 Half way to heav'n, again to re-possess
 Its late forsaken clay? Yes, lo! he speaks,
 "Damsel arise." The breathless victim breaths,
 She wakes, she lives, to life and strength restor'd; 785
 Health volatile flows chearful thro' her veins,
 Glows in her cheek, and sparkles in her eye;
 While joy and wonder, gratitude and love,
 Bursts like a flood upon her aged fire,
 And heights and depths of bliss unutt'able 790
 Convulse and agitate the mother's frame,
 Such as a mother's breast alone can feel,
 Such as a mother's tongue cannot describe.

Low at the great physician's feet they fall,
Adore his pow'r, and magnify his name.

795

Ah! what sad sight is this that strikes mine eye,
A mournful train with slow and solemn pace,
Conducting to his cold mausoleum
A sleeping youth. He sleeps the sleep of death,
Late, like the bounding hart, his nimble feet 800
Tript lightly o'er the hills, and thro' the plain
His gladd'ning heart beat high with chearful hope,
From the bright prospect of long years to come,
While vig'rous health and gay vivacity
Inspir'd his mind, and in his count'nance shone; 805
But now! a breathless corpse, stretch'd on the bier
His active nimble feet forget to move;
No more his heart beats high with chearful hope,
Nor gay vivacity, nor vig'rous health
Play round his vitals and adorn his cheek. 810
Cold, pale and stiff, he lies; triumphant death
With unrelenting hand, pass'd by grey hairs,
To pluck the new blown flow'r.—What voice is that
Which strikes mine ear? the voice of deep lament,
And o'ercharg'd sorrow, utt'ring words of woe, 815
And heavy import, "O! my son, my son,
Would God that I had dy'd for thee, my son."
Ah! 'tis his mother; let the tender heart
Prepare to sigh, let sympathy awake,
And shed a gen'rous tear to sooth her woe. 820
His widow'd mother, he her only son,
The stay and staff of her declining years,
Snatch'd from her arms, to mingle with the dust:

D

No

No more his pleasing voice shall sooth her care,
 His kind affection watch to minister 825
 In acts of duteous love to all her need.
 Fondly she entertain'd delusive hope
 His gentle hand would close her dying lids,
 And to the silent tomb commit her dust;
 But heav'n subscrib'd not to the vain desire. 830
 See from her eyes sad floods of sorrow fall,
 She droops, she faints! O let some pitying friend
 Support her sinking frame: All-gracious heav'n,
 Smile on the mourner, bid thy comforts flow;
 O calm the stormy passions of her soul, 835
 Breathe sweet submission to thy sov'reign will,
 Thro' all her pow'rs.—Lo! the REDEEMER comes:
 Thou good physician, can thy sov'reign skill
 Bring health and cure to this distracted mind?
 Can'st thou salubrious balms apply, and find 840
 A medicine for such a wound as this?—
 Lo! he draws near; he views the mournful train,
 He knows the sighing mother's bleeding heart;
 All the soft feelings of HUMANITY
 Glow in his gentle breast, and melt him down 845
 To kind concern, and tend'rest sympathy:
 Sweet PITY sparkles in his gracious eye,
 And all the rich compassions of a GOD
 Divinely move to bid her sorrows cease.
 Nor do her griefs rise higher for her son, 850
 Than JESU'S strong compassions rise for her.
 "Woman, weep not," the dear Redemer saith:
 Then with a gentle, yet Almighty voice,
 He bids the dead arise; the dead obeys,
 Starts into life at the divine command; 855
 Rises

Rises in all the active strength of youth,
 Springs from the useless bier, and at the feet
 Of his Restorer, hails his sacred name.
 See the kind SAVIOR hastes to give him back
 To his astonish'd parent's fond embrace. 860
 Her tears no longer flow, her throbbing breast
 No longer swells with agonizing woe,
 Amazement and delight entrance her soul,
 And wrapt in mute astonishment she stands!
 Beholds her son, beholds her heav'nly friend, 865
 And joy and gratitude divide her pow'rs.
 Surrounding multitudes admire the deed ;
 Surprise and wonder fill their minds with awe.
 They bless the glorious PROPHET, and adore
 And glorify the GOD of Israel. 870
 From tribe to tribe the splendor of his name
 Spreads far and wide, the distant provinces
 Hear and admire the wonders of his hand,
 And throng to share the blessings he bestows.

Where'er we turn, what wonders strike our view ! 875
 Stupendous miracles, height above height,
 Grandly sublime arising ! With one voice,
 As heralds of the heav'nly King, they sound
 The trumpet of his praise, and cry aloud
 " Behold the GOD of glory in the MAN 880
 Whose nod controuls creation ; at whose word,
 Disease, and death, and devils flee asham'd,
 As night retires when radiant SOL appears."

See the belov'd, the friend of JESUS dies !
 Again the haughty tyrant of the grave 885

Shakes his victorious dart, and hides it deep
 In the kind heart of gentle LAZARUS:
 But lo! the friend of JESUS soars aloft,
 He dies—He bursts to better life, and sings
 A song of triumph o'er his conqu'ror. 890
 Smiles at death's feeble shaft, defies his pow'r,
 Wrapt in the bliss of IMMORTALITY.
 See two fair mourners weeping o'er his grave;
 In all the sad solemnity of woe,
 They mourn a BROTHER; kind endearing name! 895
 They mourn a FRIEND; O name more sacred still,
 Long interwoven with fraternal love,
 Friendship had knit their kindred souls in one;
 But death, relentless death, has torn away
 Their better part: in vain the gentle voice 900
 Of consolation pours her cordials forth,
 And tender sympathy attempts in vain
 To sooth their sorrows: four times hath the sun
 With rising splendors crown'd this earthly orb;
 Four times the moon with milder beams dispers'd 905
 The gloom of darkness, since the yawning grave
 Receiv'd their much-lov'd brother's sleeping clay,
 And JESUS lingers:—Oft their wishful eyes
 Look out in vain to see their LORD appear;
 Oft their impatient sighs break forth, and chide 910
 The dear Redeemer for his long delay:
 But lo! he comes—let us attend his steps;
 He goes with the sad train to view the grave,
 The cold mausoleum of his Lazarus.
 Here soft affection kindles to a flame, 915
 Fresh sorrows spring, and overwhelming woe
 Bursts forth in floods of grief: tears, tender tears,
 Drown

Drown ev'ry face ; and with pathetic voice,
 Declare how much they lov'd, how much they feel.
 Lo ! JESUS weeps ; astonish'd angels stand 920
 In silent admiration and delight.

Behold ! the RESURRECTION and the LIFE,
 The mighty SAVIOR lifts his eyes to heav'n ;
 Then with the voice that call'd creation forth
 From the dark womb of chaos and old night ; 925
 That bade celestial light with orient beams

Shine on his universe : He speaks again,
 And, " LAZARUS COME FORTH," is his command.
 Hark ! gentle echo on her downy wing
 Catches the sound, and back returns, "*Come forth.*" 930

Death to the centre of his dark domain
 Hears the sublime command ; the sov'reign voice,
 Death, to the centre of his dark domain
 Trembles with mighty awe, loth to give up
 His vanquish'd prey ; unable to detain, 935

JESUS the SON of MAN ; JESUS the GOD,
 Holds in his hand the adamantine key
 That shuts and opens his ten thousand gates,
 The locks fly back, he bursts the massy bars,
 The captive leaves his dreary cave, forsakes 940
 Worms and corruption, to enjoy the day:
 He rises and comes forth, while angels sing
 The boundless glories of the SON of MAN.

Hark, how the winds, with hollow murmurs rise;
 The heav'ns grow black with clouds, a dismal gloom 945
 Spreads o'er the hemisphere, and strikes dismay
 Upon the stoutest heart, a sudden flood
 Pours from on high, to meet the flood beneath;

And lo! the swelling billows rise and rage
 In battle dangerous, the foaming waves 950
 Lift their mountainous heads, like watry alps,
 And threat the skies, then break with noise more dire
 Than all the dreadful howls that pierce the woods,
 In midnight hours, when wolves voracious poul,
 And the fierce lion fattens o'er his prey. 955
 Amidst the waves, behold a little bark
 Tost to and fro the sport of raging winds;
 In vain the mariners their skill oppose,
 The mad'ning tempest, deaf to all their cries,
 Derides their efforts, and with thund'ring roar, 960
 Threats to entomb it in a watry grave,
 And make the deep their vast mausoleum.
 And yet how safe the little vessel rides!
 Encompass'd by the guardian care of heav'n,
 She bears the grandest freight that ever sail'd 965
 Upon the hoary bosom of the deep.
 A treasure richer than ten thousand worlds;
 No haughty CÆSAR, but the great GOD-MAN.
 He sleeps, amidst the roar of elements;
 The thunders of the storm disturb him not, 970
 So sweet he slumbers; but the trembling crew,
 His little company, all pale with fear,
 Strange consternation wrote on ev'ry face,
 Break his repose, with the terrific cry
 Of "Master, Master, lo! we perish all." 975
 So quick, so ready, is his ear to hear
 The breathings of his people in distress,
 He wakens in a moment to their aid;
 He rises in serenest majesty;
 Calm and compos'd, he looks upon his friends 980
 With sweet complacence, mildly chides their fears;
 With

With solemn steps advances to the prow,
 And views the storm unmov'd: then with the voice
 Divine, the voice that one day shall awake
 The dead, and call to judgment all the sons 985
 Of men, he gives the great, the grand command,
 "PEACE, thou proud restless deep: Ye winds, BE STILL."
 'Tis done!—the deep puts on his smoothest face,
 With softest gales, see gentle zephyrs play
 On the smooth surface of the azure main, 990
 And all is hush'd in silence and repose.

Say now, LOTHARIO, for thy mental eye
 Hath seen the sick made whole, the dead arise,
 The wind and seas obey the SAVIOR's voice,
 Is he a creature, man, or demi-god? 995
 Or is he the supreme, eternal JAH?
 See, universal nature, the whole race
 Of beings animate, inanimate await
 (His grand attendants) to assume what form
 His sov'reign pleasure bids—to be and do 1000
 Whate'er his will appoints Disease and death
 Of ev'ry kind, in ev'ry stage, obeys
 His mighty fiat, while his potent voice
 Controuls the pow'rs of hell; their legions fly,
 And roaring own the holy One of God. 1005
 The SON of MAN came not with borrow'd pow'r's;
 Nor usher'd in his mighty miracles
 With the grand sanction of "Thus saith the LORD—"
 As did his servants, but with voice divine,
 His own imperial name, and potent arm, 1010
 In all the fulness of Almighty pow'r,

He rules a boundless empire, and controuls
 Heav'n, earth and hell, the winds, the seas, the dark
 Domains of death, and all death's messengers,
 And universal nature with a nod; 1015
 A look, a word, swifter than swiftest thought,
 They hasten to obey his sov'reign will;
 And by their ready, prompt obedience, prove
 Their Master is Jehovah infinite.
 The SELF-EXISTENT, tho' INCARNATE-GOD; 1020
 AN INDEPENDANT BEING, who exists
 And hath his being from himself alone*.

Behold

* That the divine nature of the LORD JESUS CHRIST is the Son of GOD, begotten of the Father from all eternity, or as the Nicene creed expresses it, "Before all worlds," is a very gross, absurd and erroneous, though an almost universally received opinion; it appears to be one of the grand sources of Arianism and Socinianism, and though it is sanctioned by being adopted by many great men who hate Arianism and Socinianism with perfect hatred, yet nevertheless it is contrary to the scriptures, and very derogatory to the glory of GOD the Redeemer, who either is the SELF-EXISTENT GOD, or NO GOD at all: if he is self-existent, he cannot be begotten, he cannot derive his existence from GOD the FATHER, but from the very necessity of his own nature, and is as independant as to his divine nature, of the Father, as the Father, who exists by the necessity of his nature, is independant of the divine nature of the Son.—The scriptures reveal one infinite Jehovah. "Hear, O Israel, the LORD thy GOD is one LORD." Deut. vi. 4. And that in the one glorious Jehovah, there exists a TRINITY of divine persons, co-equal, co-essential, co-eternal. The characters of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are not revealed in the scriptures to inform us of the nature of the divine Being, but to make known to us the characters and offices which the ever-blessed trinity of persons in the undivided unity of the God-head are pleased to assume and sustain in the covenant of grace, and the grand work of redemption which that covenant provided "for us men, and for our salvation."—In almost every place in the New Testament where the LORD JESUS is spoken of as a SON, it evidently relates to his human nature: to instance in only a few, "That holy thing that shall be born of thee,

Behold the SON of MAN with stately step,
Walks in the sanctuary, the house of pray'r
Appointed for all nations: here the voice
Of sacred joy was wont to fill the air
With glad hofannahs: here the kneeling saint,
Was wont to supplicate the aid of heav'n.
Devotion kindled here her purest fires,

1025

While

thee, shall be called the SON of GOD." Luke i. 35. 10. Also CHRIST glorified not himself to be made an high priest, but he that said unto him, "THOU art my SON, this day have I begotten thee." As he saith also in another place, "Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." Heb. v. 5, 6. It is plain that the Sonship here spoken of, is connected with the priestly office which the LORD JESUS sustained, and it consequently relates not to his divine nature, but to his human. As GOD, he is "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the SON of GOD (when manifested in the flesh) abideth a priest continually." Heb. vii. 3. The expression, *like unto*, does not mean that he was not really and truly made the SON of GOD, but that he really was; see the same expression Phil. ii. 7. "Took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men;" which implies, that CHRIST really took upon him the office of a servant, agreeable to Isaiah xlii. 1. "Behold my servant whom I uphold." And that he really was made a man, the apostle Paul applies, the 7th ver. of the 2nd Psalm, intirely to the human nature of the Redeemer, Acts xiii. 32, 33. "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, GOD hath fulfilled the same unto us their children in that he hath raised up JESUS again." As it is also written in the 2nd Psalm, "Thou art my SON, this day have I begotten thee." And if we advert to the text as it stands in the second Psalm in connection with the 8th verse, we shall find it has nothing to do with the manner of the existence of the divine nature of the Redeemer, but it has to do with him as MAN and MEDIATOR, as the great King whom GOD the FATHER had determined to set upon his holy hill of Zion: "I will declare the decree; the LORD hath said unto me, THOU art my SON, this day have I begotten thee: ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." This evidently respects the grand work of redemption, and was eminently

While *Faith* look'd wond'ring round, pleas'd to
behold

1030

Where'er she turn'd her bright and piercing eye,

The mystic glories of IMMANUEL shine ;

While from his throne between the cherubim

Jehovah smil'd, and sweet communion held

With upright worshippers. Ah! where are now 1035

Those happy days? those upright worshippers?

Where

nently fulfilled when presently after the resurrection and ascension of the LORD JESUS, the gospel was preached to the gentiles, the Spirit from on high, was poured out upon the heathen world, and thousands and millions of sinners in the uttermost parts of the earth were turned from dumb idols to serve the living God.—There are some scriptures in which what properly belongs to the divine nature is ascribed to CHRIST as the SON, that is as man; and there are other scriptures in which what properly belongs to his human nature is ascribed to his divine, but this is because of the infinitely close union of his two natures in one person; but wherever we read of the SON's possessing any thing as derivative from the FATHER, it certainly respects his human nature, and not his divine. As man, he possesses all power, all government, and authority to judge the world at the last day, as the gift of the FATHER; but as Jehovah, they are his own essential right.

How amazingly absurd and erroneous also, is the idea that the Holy Spirit is the breath of God, breathed by the FATHER and the SON. It is true that the LORD JESUS breathed upon the Apostles, and they received the Holy Ghost: it was the way by which the LORD was pleased to communicate his Spirit to the Apostles at that time; but it by no means indicates the manner of the existence of the Holy Spirit. The scriptures reveal a TRIUNE Jehovah, but the manner of his existence is not revealed, but is a mystery which neither men nor angels can fathom: an infinite understanding alone can comprehend an infinite Deity.

"A God alone can comprehend a God,

YOUNG.

As to the covenant of grace, and the grand work of redemption, it has pleased the ever blessed and glorious TRINITY to take upon them the names and characters of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST; to whom, as to the TRUE GOD and eternal life, be everlasting honour and praise.

Amen.

Where are the songs of ZION, and the flames
 Of pure devotion now?—the strife of tongues
 Assaults mine ear! a noisy din alarms,
 Loud as tumultuous waves; confus'd uproar 1040
 Re-echoes thro' the hallow'd walks, and fills
 With busy hubbub, and commotion strange,
 God's holy house, the sacred seat of peace.
 Glory of SALEM, how art thou prophan'd!
 A den of thieves! an house of merchandize! 1045
 Here money-changers sit with heaps of Gold,
 Here doves abound, sheep bleat and oxen low;
 And men, more brutal still, with clamour rude,
 Fearless of God and man, practis'd in guile,
 Break ev'ry sacred, ev'ry moral tie: 1050
 But JESUS comes, and with an awful frown
 Of holy indignation looks around;
 "Take these things hence:" he cries, behold! they flee.
 Guilt turns them pale, terrific horror strikes
 Their frighted souls, confusion and dismay 1055
 Runs thro' the crowd; resistleless they retire.
 And like a flock of tim'rous sheep disperse,
 And seek for safety in the speediest flight.
 But why?—He grasps no flaming thunderbolt,
 But a small whip of platted cord,—no crown
 Imperial sits upon his brow, nor robes 1060
 Of majesty adorn the mighty King:
 No Roman legions follow in his train;
 He comes alone, or with a feeble few
 Of unarm'd FISHERMEN; yet lo! they fly, 1065
 As from the shoutings of victorious hosts,
 Women and children hasten to retire.

Or

Or he were GOD, or they were less than men.
 What ! leave their flocks, their merchandize, their gold,
 Aw'd by the presence of an unarm'd man? 1070
 No ! they were hardy, fearless, stout and bold,
 And bound by strong attachment to their gains ;
 Th' INCARNATE GOD put forth a gentle ray
 Of his OMNIPOTENCE, and all their might
 Sunk into weakness, courage into fear, 1075
 With speed precipitate they quit the place
 At the great mandate of IMMANUEL.
 So when the kingly LION roars, and walks
 The forest, meaner beasts retire with awe,
 And leave him the sole monarch of the wood. 1080

Who but the Deity with gracious voice
 Can softly whisper in the inmost soul
 " Thy sins are all forgiven." Who but a GOD
 Supreme and infinite, can e'er absolve
 The guilty criminal, can pardon sins 1085
 Against the awful Majesty of heav'n ?
 But JESUS, the Redeemer oft pronounc'd
 Th' amazing word, " Thy sins are all forgiv'n ;"
 The great HIGH PRIEST, who for his people stood
 And offer'd for their sin, and in their name 1090
 To justice infinite a sacrifice
 As infinite as justice could demand,
 Atonement all divine, and all complete ;
 To bring transgressors near a pard'ning God ;
 To reconcile them to his glorious self, 1095
 At once th' offended DEITY, the PRIEST,
 And grand ATONEMENT for his ransom'd church,
 No creature sacrifice could put away

The

The dark, the deep malignity of sin.
 No creature, can acquit a guilty soul, 1100
 That is the high prerogative of heav'n;
 But Jesus speaks the consolating word;
 He pardons sins, the same Almighty voice
 That bade the sick be whole, the dead arise,
 Says to the mourning sinner, "Cease thy fears, 1105
 Thy sins are blotted out." To creature pow'r,
 This is impossible, but to the God
 Of nature, grace and providence, alike
 Are all things easy. When Apostles spake
 And Prophets wrought the mighty works of God, 1110
 'Twas in his glorious name, and by his pow'r;
 "Thus saith the LORD," preceded all they did;
 But when IMMANUEL speaks, 'tis like a God
 Eternal, independant and supreme,
 The SOV'REIGN MASTER of the universe, 1115
 LORD of the SABBATH, SAVIOR of the soul,
 Cleansing the body and immortal mind,
 With this grand, all-important word, I WILL.

And is this vast display of sov'reign pow'r,
 The glorious witness of a TRIUNE GOD, 1120
 The pattern of redeemed saints on earth,
 And the bright armies in the world above,
 Too impotent to gain LOTHARIO's ear,
 And make a convert of his unbelief?
 Cannot celestial TRUTH with sun-like beams 1125
 Disperse the shades of error from his mind?
 Still sits proud reason umpire in his soul?
 Vain, ignorant and blind, dare she presume

To

To scan infinity, and still reply
 'Gainst the united voice of heav'n and earth? 1130
 Presumptuous, dare she yet reject the voice
 Of REVELATION sacred and divine,
 Whereby Jehovah condescends to make
 Himself and grand designs to mortals known?
 O folly in extreme! O proof of proofs 1135
 That man, proud, reas'ning man, is sunk below
 The brute, in blindness, ignorance and sin.
 The ox, his feeder knows, the stupid ass
 His master's crib, but man, apostate man
 Denies his God!—Blush human nature, blush; 1140
 Astonish'd ANGELS marvel at the sight,
 Astonish'd DEVILS scorn the wretched fool.

Amidst the ills of life, the thousand ills
 Entail'd by sin upon the sons of men,
 Griefs that o'erwhelm the soul, flood after flood, 1145
 And pour confusion on their brightest joys.
 Severe affliction, disappointment strange,
 At whose dire frown, hope sickens and expires:
 See how LOTHARIO, arm'd with all the pow'rs
 That REASON and PHILOSOPHY can give 1150
 Endures the storm: awhile he stands compos'd,
 Unmov'd he hears the distant thunders roll,
 And SELF-SUFFICIENT, meets th' uplifted stroke
 With manly courage; but anon, the waves
 Indignant roar, the black'ning tempest darts 1155
 A thousand thunderbolts around his head;
 His heart, his soul, transfix'd in soar amaze,
 He stands confounded, all his strength of mind,
 Absorb'd

I M M A N U E L.

Absorb'd in sorrows, (like the melting snow)
 Sinks into weakness, or to stoic brass, 1160
 Hard'ned by oft repeated blows—in vain
 He calls his boasted REASON to his aid;
 Her sober voice is drown'd amidst the roar
 Of noisy passion; passion holds the reins,
 And all is tumult in his anxious mind: 1165
 Reason, too weak to sound the depths divine,
 Too dim to trace the mazy paths, and scan
 The secret, great designs of providence,
 Affords a poor support; she faints beneath
 The mighty weight, and yields the sceptre up 1170
 To discontent, proud murm'ring, sad despair;
 Black glooms of melancholy overspreads
 His soul, nor can philosophy compose
 His troubled spirit:—dismal as the night,
 Moonless and cheerless, see LOTHARIO lean 1175
 O'er yonder brook, absorb'd in pensive thought,
 He muses terror, while destruction hangs
 Like a huge pile of mountains o'er his head,
 And threatens by an instantaneous fall
 To crush him into atoms: Lo! the shock 1180
 Too rude for nature's pow'rs sweeps him away
 Hopeless, without a friend, without a God.

Hark! how soft echo on her gentle wing
 Wafts a sweet song to my enraptur'd ear:
 Lift, O my soul, 'tis solemn and divine. 1185

“ Amidst a thousand storms I stand,
 Guarded by an Almighty hand;

Tho'

Tho' sorrows rise, and thunders roar,
 I'm still preserv'd, I'm still secure ;
 And shall, tho' death and devils frown, 1190
 Possess a bright celestial crown.

JESUS, my God, I trust thy power
 To make me more than conqu'ror ;
 On thine omnipotence depend,
 My glorious, all-sufficient friend ; 1195
 Thy smiles shall chase my griefs away,
 And turn my darkness into day."

Hail ! voice well known—'tis Theodosius sings,
 Long has he struggled with surrounding woes :
 The fiercest shafts of satan, rudest frowns 1200
 Of earth, shock after shock, wave after wave,
 His substance plunder'd by rapacious hands ;
 Spoil'd of domestic joys by greedy death :
 Where'er he turns, affliction meets his view,
 And all his steps are measur'd by the cross : 1205
 Yet lo ! he stands compos'd and placid still,
 Unmov'd, unshaken : tho' the tempest roar,
 He rises still superior to the storm ;
 Triumphs by FAITH ; while gentle PATIENCE breaths
 Sweet peace and calm serenity within. 1210
 His faith built firm on the eternal rock,
 JEHOVAH JESUS, pierces through the cloud
 Of *present* things, and sees all safe beyond :
 His *righteousness*, his *sacrifice*, his *strength* ;
 His *bliss*, his *treasure*, everlasting *all*, 1215
 Concenters in the ever-blest God-man :
 His joy in sorrow, life in death ; his peace

Amidst

Amidst the loudest thunders of the storm.
 No Stoic he—he feels the keen attacks
 Of pale-ey'd grief, but when his courage droops, 1220
 His fainting heart recovers at the smile
 Of his kind SAVIOR; his supporting hand
 Upholds, his wisdom guides, his presence cheers;
 And happy THEODOSIUS travels on,
 Leaning by faith on his redeeming God; 1225
 Faint, yet pursuing, sorrowing, yet with joy:
 Oftimes his heart exults in glorious hope
 Of that bright crown, eternity presents,
 With all its heav'nly splendors to his view.

Behold ORESTES on the bed of pain: 1230
 No storms burst o'er his head, no rude alarms
 Disturb'd his quiet; while the king of day,
 Bright SOL, with forty summers crown'd the earth;
 Nurs'd in the lap of *ease*, he journey'd on
 Secure thro' life, the CALM PHILOSOPHER, 1235
 The man of *Reason*: well ORESTES knew
 The paths of science; how to weigh the air,
 Measure the stars, and circumscribe the sun.
 Of *virtue* much he talk'd—Of God and things
 Great and abstruse; himself so great, so good, 1240
 So bright his virtues, and so rare his parts,
 That *All-sufficient* in himself he stood,
 Doubtless of heav'n—imputed righteousness,
 The grand atonement of a SAVIOR's blood,
 The great INCARNATE SAVIOR, GOD o'er all: 1245
 These are the objects of ORESTES's scorn,
 And folly in his sight, so wise is he.

But death, terrific king, gloomy as night,
 Bends o'er his bed, and with his keenest dart,
 Aims at his breast an unexpected blow : 1250
 The veil's withdrawn !—a sudden burst of light
 Illumes his mind, a sudden voice more dire
 Than the loud crash of falling mountains, rouse
 His slumb'ring soul—He wakes to sleep no more:
 Conscience, deep stung by the ne'er dying worm, 1255
 Loud as ten thousand thunders, on his ear
 Pours her complaints, and to his eye presents
 A long, tremendous scroll : within, without,
 In plainest characters inscrib'd with SIN,
 SIN unaton'd, a just and jealous GOD, 1260
 A dread eternity, a certain HELL.
 O awful sight!—In vain with gentle words
 The messengers of peace attempt to sooth
 The anguish of his mind, and set in view
 The riches of redeeming grace ; the heights 1265
 And depths, the lengths and breadths of love divine,
 The blood of JESUS, all-sufficient blood,
 To wash his crimson soul as white as snow;
 His righteousness, sufficient to acquit
 The chief of sinners, who by precious faith 1270
 Can trust a ruin'd soul on that alone.
 His stormy passions kindle at the name
 Of JESUS: "No! (with dismal voice he cries)
 I cannot look that way ; is there no name
 But JESUS, that can save a soul from hell ? 1275
 I have renounc'd his righteousness, despis'd,
 And long rejected his atoning blood.
 I feel he is a GOD, the GOD supreme,
 But I've deny'd his Deity, deny'd

My

My Maker : now his wrath awak'd, like streams 1280
 Of fire, burns in my soul: behold he stands
 Like a fierce lion ready to devour
 And crush my bones to atoms.—Must I go,
 And stand before him?—that's the hell of hells!
 Asham'd, abash'd, how shall I bear his frown? 1285
 Hide me, O earth, and thou profoundest deep,
 If in creation can be found a spot
 Which his bright flaming eye cannot pervade,
 There let me shelter from the dreadful frown
 Of that just Judge."—He pauses, horror sits 1290
 In strong convulsions on his countenance,
 While black despair and anguish wring his heart:
 A sudden groan alarms attending friends,
 He dies—With trembling steps they quit his bed,
 Silent and sad, with fearful awe o'erwhelm'd. 1295

Not so the happy THEODOSIUS dies;
 Death comes not like a dreadful enemy
 To sweep him in a whirlwind from the earth;
 His sting's extracted by the Lord of life,
 Who bids him with an angel's face appear, 1300
 And smiling, gently summons him away
 From all the ills of time, to the bright realms
 Of perfect peace, and sweet celestial day.
 In his calm soul no awful terrors rise,
 No dismal gloom distorts his countenance, 1305
 Serene and placid as a summer's eve,
 He smiles on death, and welcomes his approach:
 By faith divine triumph's in glorious hope,
 As his best blessing, triumph's o'er the grave,
 Secure of heav'n and immortality. 1310

" Weep not (he cries to his surrounding friends)
 Weep not, my hope is firm, my heav'n secure;
 Jehovah Jesus, my redeeming God
 Is gone, my great Forerunner, to prepare
 My seat on high; my mansion in the skies: 1315
 Now he invites, and calls my soul away
 To prove its glories, and at his right hand
 Enjoy the fruits of all his victories
 O'er satan, sin and death: my conqu'ring LORD
 Bruis'd satan's head for me; he vanquish'd sin 1320
 When on the cross he hung, my sacrifice.
 No condemnation, now against my soul
 Is register'd in heav'n, who shall condemn?
 My CHRIST acquits, GOD JESUS justifies,
 And I am safe! a pardon'd sinner, sav'd 1325
 By sov'reign grace; electing love that wrote
 My worthless name in JESUS' book of life,
 Before I had a being, wrote my name
 Deep in IMMANUEL's heart, that precious heart,
 That groan'd, was pierc'd, and burst in twain for me. 1330
 Rejoice! rejoice, ye Israel of GOD;
 For me, for you, he dy'd, and with his robe
 Of spotless righteousness adorn'd our souls:
 Our advocate on high, he pleads our cause,
 Till in his Father's presence we appear 1335
 To prove the fulness of eternal joy.
 I long to go!—Come, O my SAVIOR GOD,
 Bring thy bright chariot, let my soul ascend,
 And the wings of holy seraphs mount
 To that bright world where my Redeemer reigns, 1340
 Where I shall see his face with joy extreme,
 And in his presence dwell to hymn his name,

While

While everlasting ages roll along."

He pauses—faints beneath the mighty joy ;

Revives again, again exulting tells

1345

Of JESUS' kindness; triumphs in his name,

And smiles at death, defies his pow'r to kill,

And rises all victorious o'er the grave.

" Precious salvation!" says the dying saint,

" Precious salvation!"—with a gentle sigh

1350

He breathes his soul into his Saviour's hands,

Upborn on angel wings to heav'n he soars,

To sing salvation to the bleeding LAMB,

Thro' the long ages of eternity.

How great the contrast of these dying beds ! 1355

The man of faith, the friend of JESUS soars

To the bright world where boundless pleasures flow,

In one vast ocean of immortal bliss,

Extatic joy and infinite delight.

The scholar of SOCINUS, foe profest

1360

To GOD the SAVIOUR, sinks in black despair,

To the dark regions of eternal woe ;

There, he for ever feels the force of truth,

And *reason* bows to REVELATION's voice ;

But soon with awful glory, solemn pomp,

1365

A *contrast* still more striking shall appear,

And heav'n and earth, angels and men behold

The scene sublime, the grand concluding scene,

When the dissolving SUN shall pour his fires

Like a vast deluge on the flaming earth ;

1370

When time expires, and bursting from the skies,

The GOD of glory on a throne of light,

Unnumber'd millions of the sons of morn
 Swelling his splendid train, in solemn state
 The Judge supreme appears---His mighty voice 1375
 Shakes heav'n and earth, the echoing spheres resound,
 "ARISE YE DEAD, AND COME TO JUDGMENT; stand
 Before the SON of MAN, and hear his voice
 Pronounce eternal blifs, or endless shame
 Your everlasting portion."---See, the throng, 1380
 The glorious armies of redeemed saints,
 How bright they shine in splendors all divine :
 Hark ! with triumphant songs they meet their God,
 Wash'd from their sins in his atoning blood,
 Clad in his robe of spotless righteousness, 1385
 Complete in him, perfect in holiness.
 On clouds of dazzling light upborne, they soar
 Amidst angelic guards, to take their place
 At his right hand, to see his smiling face,
 And in his presence quaff immortal joy 1390
 Thro' everlasting years---they tune their harps
 To sweetest, loftiest strains, the concave rings
 With hallelujahs---saints and angels join
 To sing salvation and the SAVIOR GOD,
 In one grand chorus of unbounded praise. 1395

Say, in this great, tremendous, awful day,
 This sudden burst of glory, this grand scene,
 How shall MESSIAH's enemies appear?
 Say with what eyes shall they behold the JUDGE,
 The GOD, the SAVIOR ? Where's the REAS'NERS
 now ? 1400
 The proud LOTHARIOS ; SCIENTIFIC men,
 The bold ORESTES', will they now stand forth,
 Now

Now, in the midst of flaming worlds, and prove
 That JESUS is no GOD; that creatures need
 No righteousness divine, no sacrifice? 1405
 Will they deride him NOW, and summon all
 Their potent arguments upon *this* field?
 With strong persuasive eloquence debate
 In long orations? No, their eyes behold
 Jehovah JESUS on his judgment seat: 1410
 This is no place for infidelity,
 Her mouth is stop'd---the great contest is o'er!
 And DEMONSTRATION of the highest kind
 Decides th' important question: now explain'd,
 The MYSTERY of GODLINESS shines forth; 1415
 GOD MANIFEST in FLESH appears to view,
 And *doubt*, and contradiction swept away
 Shrink from his presence, at his frown expire.

Lo! from their dungeons drag'd, the pris'ners come,
 Forc'd by a dire necessity to quit 1420
 The silent grave.---O could they there abide,
 There hide for ever, 'twould appear a boon
 Beyond conception great, but 'tis deny'd;
 No, they must stand before the SON of MAN.
 High on his great white throne he sits supreme, 1425
 And all the bright effulgence of a GOD
 Shine in his person, and in splendid beams
 Dart glories inexpressible around.
 Pale with amazing horrors, lo! they come,
 Abash'd, agham'd, silent as death, nor dare 1430
 Behold IMMANUEL's face; his flaming eye
 Darts thro' their souls: the guilty fugitives
 Stand self-convicted, self-condemn'd: despair,

Arm'd with ten thousand terrors, gathers round,
 Bursts in a mighty flood, o'erwhelms and sweeps 1435
 Celestial hope eternally away.

No more they scorn the great redeeming God,
 No more they doubt of his Divinity ;
 Their eyes behold, their hearts confess the truth ;
 They feel the pow'r of his omnipotence: 1140

Thro' all their being, feel no creature's wrath
 Consume them, but the veng'ance of a God,
 The wrath awak'd of injur'd Deity.

In vain to rocks and hills they call to hide
 And screen them from the LAMB's indignant frown :
 The falling mountains can afford no shade 1445
 From his broad burning eye, and when his voice
 Shakes heav'n and earth, and echoes thro' the spheres,
 " Depart ye cursed into endless fire ;"

His frown, worse than a thousand hells, pursues
 And sinks them down to the abhorred pit 1450

Where infinite despair and horrors reign :
 There, thro' a long eternal night they groan,
 The scorn and sport of devils; deeper plung'd
 Than millions in the dreadful burning lake :
 Tophet for them stirs up his fiercest fires, 1455
 And in perdition sevenfold, they prove
 The wrath of JESUS is the wrath of God.

Behold the New JERUSALEM appears !
 Bright with celestial splendors, there enthron'd,
 JESUS Jehovah reigns: Low at his feet 1460
 His ransom'd millions bow ; in rapt'rous songs
 They hymn his glorious name : triumphant joy
 Inspires

Inspires their swelling notes: SALVATION sounds
 Thro' all th' eternal arches: LOVE and PRAISE
 Glow in each heart, and dwell on ev'ry tongue: 1465
 Angels and glad archangels join the theme,
 And all is wonder, harmony, and bliss.
 Peace, everlasting peace, serenely flows
 In the pure bosoms of the sons of light;
 And while eternal ages roll along 1470
 They prove the heights and depths of sov'reign grace,
 Of dying love; and in sweet unison
 Ascribe salvation, honour, pow'r, and praise,
 To their incarnate God, who lives and reigns
 The LORD of GLORY, tho' the SON of MAN. 1475

O blest ETERNITY! when will the shades
 Of time withdraw, and thy bright morn appear,
 When happy saints shall thus behold their God,
 And celebrate his name to harps of gold?
 Till then, tho' with a feebler voice, in strains 1480
 Imperfect, with a meaner song than theirs,
 Let UNIVERSAL NATURE own her LORD;
 And at his footstool, offer up an hymn
 Of holy gratitude, and humble praise.
 PRAISE HIM, O SUN, celestial king of day! 1485
 When with bright rising beams thou crown'st the earth,
 And when with full meridian splendors deck'd,
 Thy flaming car hath climb'd the heights of noon,
 Bow at the footstool of IMMANUEL's throne,
 Who call'd thee into being, bade thee blaze 1490
 In all the rich magnificence of day!
 Fountain of light and heat—in dewy eve,

When

When thou illum'st the western clouds with gold,
 And sup'st with *Thetis*, let thy song arise
 Till *Hesper* ushers in the starry host, 1495
 And *Cynthia* darts her silver rays around.
Praise HIM, thou *Moon*; and all ye worlds of light:
 Ye *Planets*, as ye roll in boundless space,
 O let your mighty orbs in mystic song
 Record the wonders of the SON of MAN; 1500
 Sing the CREATOR, the REDEEMER-GOD.
 Ye *Comets*, bow your grand terrific heads,
 And while th' affrighted earth admiring views
 Your trains majestic, sweep thro' half the skies,
 Join the sweet concert, and submissive own 1505
 Your being hangs upon his sov'reign will.
 Ye *clouds*, that sail along the vast expanse,
 And in your fleecy bosoms bear the dews,
 The rain, the snows, to fructify the earth,
 Swell the grand chorus, and report his name, 1510
 Till highest heav'n, and distant earth resound
 With the loud honours of the SAVIOR-GOD!
Praise HIM, ye *storms*; ye *thunders*, as ye roll;
 Ye *lightnings*, with your forked tongues proclaim
 The dignity of him who sends you forth 1515
 Accomplishing his will. *Praise* HIM, ye *winds*,
 As ye burst forth tumultuous—in his hand
 He holds you, when with clangour wide and rude
 You sweep o'er waving forests, rend the air
 With noisy uproar:—On your wings, O bear, 1520
 And let your voices sound IMMANUEL's praise.
 Soft breathing *zephyrs*, whisper it abroad;
 Charm the still ev'ning with the pleasing tale,
 When thy cool breezes fan her gentle breast.

Ye placid *show'rs*, and sweet distilling *dews*, 1525
 Join with the rushing *corrent*, that descends,
 And with impetuous roar lashes the hills,
 And foams along the plain, to laud his name!
Praise HIM, ye lofty *Alps* and *Apenines**;
 Ye loftier *Andes*†, who involve your heads, 1530
 Your snow-crown'd heads in clouds—ye *rocks* and *bills*,
 Ye *plains*, and verdant *vallies*; flow'ry *meads*
 And *gardens* of *delight*, where *Flora's* train
 Puts on their gayest foliage, richest hues;
 While you emit ten thousand sweets around, 1535
 O breathe his praises.—Let the *forests* sing;
 The stately *Cedar*, the tall *Pine* rejoice;
 And humbler shrubs unite to spread the theme
 From east to west, from florid southern climes,
 To the cold regions of the frozen north. 1540
Praise HIM, gay *Summer*, crown'd with fruits and
 flow'rs;
 O! let thy beauteous train unite to pay
 Due homage to the great immortal KING;
 And hail *JEHOVAH-JESUS LORD* of ALL.
Winter, with all his sons, Frost, Hail and Snow, 1545
 Black nights and gloomy days, adore the GOD
 Who turns the rivers into stone.—Again
 He speaks; and lo, the waters flow.—Sing thou,
 Soft breathing *Spring*, weave a fresh coronet
 Of Primrose, Crocus, humble Violet— 1550
 Inscribe it with IMMANUEL's sacred name;
 And let it, as thine off'ring, speak his praise:
 While *Autumn*, with her yellow sheaves, attends

To

* *Alps* and *Appenines*, are mountains in Italy.

† The *Andes*, are lofty mountains in South America.

To swell the gen'ral anthem, and adore.

Praise HIM, ye *Eagles*, as with lofty flight 1555

Ye soar to meet the sun, and with bold eye

Dare gaze, undazzled on the king of day.

Praise HIM, ye warbling larks, in softest airs ;

And all ye tuneful songsters of the groves,

Waft on your wings, and in your songs his praise. 1560

Ye *LIONS*, as to him ye roar for prey,

Roar out his praises—*JUDAH's LION* reigns,

Let ev'ry creature worship at his throne :

Ye who in midnight hours range o'er the woods,

Majestically fierce, and ye who play 1570

In gamefome frolics o'er the flow'ry lawn ;

Ye gentle *HINDS*, ye tender playful *LAMBS*,

And all who walk the earth, and all who creep ;

INSECTS who wanton in a sunny ray,

And spread their silken wings, be-dropt with gold. 1575

And you who in the briny wave display

Your scaly coats of various form and hue,

But chiefly *THOU* the *TYRANT* of the deep,

LEVIATHAN, who like a mountain rolls

In the unfathom'd ocean, when thou play'st, 1575

And from thy stormy nostrils spout'st a flood,

Bid it arise to praise the *SON* of *MAN*,

The *KING* of *GLORY*, the *INCARNATE* *GOD*.

Let *HEAV'N*, and *EARTH*, and *AIR*, and *SEAS*, unite

To sound *IMMANUEL's* name: let echo bear 1580

On her soft wings to nature's utmost verge

The glorious sound, and back return his praise.

Come ye who stand for ever near his seat,

Bright sons of *MORN*, cherubic legions, come :

And

And ye, who nearer to his throne than they, **1585**
 View the immortal glories of your God,
 Strike, strike your golden harps---begin a song
 More noble than you ever sung before.
 The saints on earth, the ransom'd of the LORD,
 Take up the theme; they join the joyful lay, **590**
 And in a solemn chorus laud the LAMB,
 The LAMB who dy'd, the LAMB who lives for them
 "WORTHY the LAMB (they cry) of POW'R and MIGHT,
 Eternal HONOURS, and unbounded PRAISE,
 GLORY and BLESSING, MAJESTY divine, **1595**
 And everlasting worship are his due."
 Hail, then Jehovah JESUS, take the PRAISE :
 Thine is the kingdom, THOU art LORD of ALL;
 Thy saints shall crown thee, and their song shall be
 Thro' endless years, "SALVATION to the LAMB!" **1600**

F I N I S.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

THOUGHTS,
WRITTEN IN A BOWER

AT

LADY - GROVE.

HAIL! happy spot, sequester'd lone retreat,
Sacred to meditation and the muse:
Beneath thy cool embow'ring shade I sit,
And for awhile forget the busy world
To view the op'ning rose, and mark how springs
The violet, and how the lilies bloom:
Hark! how the robin whistles as he flies
From bough to bough; the blackbird's mellow note,
And warbling thrush on yonder hawthorn perch'd,
Increase the tuneful music of the grove:
And wanton zephyrs breathing gentle gales
O'er rustling leaves with an harmonious bass
Completes the concert: these are thy sweet gifts,
O summer, gayest daughter of the year;
Nature throughout her wide domain, shall own
F Thy

66 THOUGHTS WRITTEN IN A BOWER.

Thy genial influence: see the forest shake
 In grateful homage, while the grove-crown'd hills
 Wave plaudits; for the grove crown'd hills rejoice,
 And fruitful valleys laugh and sing for thee.
 'Tis now high noon, the blazing king of day
 Thron'd in mid heav'n, surveys the universe,
 And darts meridian splendors round the world.
 But safely shelter'd in this vernal bow'r,
 Embrown'd with thickest shade of lofty trees,
 Whose spreading branches taught by art to meet
 In kind embraces, form a rural arch,
 And bid defiance to the sultry ray;
 I taste the cool refreshing breeze, and feel
 The pleasures which a scene like this inspires.
 How shall my soul improve a scene like this;
 I look around, and every flow'r and shrub,
 Each beauteous object that attracts my view,
 Turns preacher to my mind, and drops tho' mute
 A silent admonition in my ear,
 And lead my thoughts, O garden of delight,
 Thou sweet, thou sacred paradise, to thee,
 Where man, the noble image of his God,
 With all his native dignity adorn'd,
 Bright with unfullied purity and truth,
 Crown'd with unrivall'd grandeur, stood declar'd
 Lord of the wide creation, and enjoy'd
 The smiles and boundless bounties of a God:
 Oh! could he in the midst of all this good,
 Still sigh for more; thus eminently great,
 Indulge ambition? thus supremely blest,
 Could he rebel against his Maker's will,

And

THOUGHTS WRITTEN IN A BOWER. 67

And disobey his great, his sole command ;
 Wilful reject his blessing, court his curse ;
 Ingrate how vile, well might a God inquire
 "Adam where art thou ?" Oh ! how lost, how fall'n,
 How sunk in sad disgrace, in bitter woe,
 In guilt and misery, in sin and shame.
 Then did thy roses fade, thy lilies die ;
 And all thy blooming train, O paradise,
 Wither and hang their heads ; thy crown was fall'n ;
 For man, thy lord and glory, had prophan'd
 Thy sacred shades, and his polluted feet
 No more must tread thy more than hallow'd ground ;
 Driv'n out to common earth, he now must till
 A soil less fruitful, with laborious pain ;
 Subject to fore disease, a prey to death
 In all its threefold horrors : this the doom
 Of the first sinner, this the legacy
 He only could bequeath to all his race.
 But see, my muse, another garden rise
 In the lov'd fertile vale of Olivet ;
 Come sing, Gethsemane ; hail ! sacred spot,
 Hail ! hallow'd grove ; ye venerable shades,
 Dearer than Eden ; there a world was lost,
 There one transgression plung'd a world in woe ;
 But here the God who bade the sun exist,
 Who call'd creation from the womb of night,
 Who planted paradise, and by his pow'r
 Upholds this vast stupendous edifice ;
 Here, rob'd in flesh, clad with humanity,
 He stood the surety of the chosen race,
 The sinner's Saviour, their redeeming friend ;

68 THOUGHTS WRITTEN IN A BOWER.

Their bondsman, bound to pay their dreadful debt;
And here with groans, with anguish infinite,
With sorrow inexpressible, and woe
Too big for mortal language to express,
Too vast for angel bosoms to conceive,
He struggles with the load of human guilt,
And (midst the chill damp vapours of the night)
Sweats blood: O garden of Gethsemane,
Thou wert a silent witness of this scene;
Astonish'd angels gazing, hover'd round
And saw the mighty conflict, and with shouts
Proclaim'd the mighty victor: for with blood,
Anguish and death, he conquer'd death and hell;
He paid the sinner's debt, cancell'd the bond
And gave them free redemption in his blood.
Worthy art thou, O Lamb, for sinners slain,
Of angels songs, thy saints shall join the theme,
And sing thy wonders, and adore thy love.
Let heav'n and earth adore, let nature bow,
And one loud song of praise to thee arise
While time endures, and then in nobler strains
Thro' the vast ages of eternity,

AN
HYMN OF PRAISE.

I WILL SING OF MERCY.

I.

COME, oh! my soul, awake ; awake and sing ;
Come tune thy harp to sweetest, softest lays :
Record the wonders of thy GOD and King,
And offer up a song of grateful praise.

II.

Praise waits for Thee, at humble distance waits,
Conscious how far she falls beneath thy throne :
Fain would she soar beyond the heav'nly gates,
And make thy triumphs to archangels known.

III.

O for the wings of holy joy and love,
To bear her adorations up to Thee !
O for the whispers of the sacred Dove,
To bring thy approbation down to me.

IV.

I sing of Mercy—'tis a theme divine !
It flows to ME thro' streams of precious blood :
Rich are thy blessings ; but they brightest shine,
As purchas'd by thy death, my SAVIOR GOD.

ate,

70 AN HYMN OF PRAISE.

V.

Late, thro' a painful path my journey lay,
High blew the whirlwind, while the storm arose;
Black clouds, tempestuous, overhung the day,
And all was anguish, all was gloom and foes.

VI.

With trembling steps I travell'd thro' the shade,
And oft, affrighted by the Lion's roar,
To thee, my God, my King, I flew for aid,
And found my mighty refuge in thy power.

VII.

Thine arm supported, while the tempest blew!
Thy gracious eye pervaded all my grief!
Thou wisely guided, kindly brought me through,
And flew on eagle's wings to my relief!

VIII.

The thunder's o'er, and all's serenely calm!
Hush'd to sweet peace, the floods no longer beat,
This is the triumph of IMMANUEL's arm!
I fall astonish'd at his gracious feet.

IX.

My Father and my God, to thee I'll sing
Eternal anthems of unbounded praise;
Myself, my all, an humble off'ring bring
To thee, the God of Providence and Grace.

X.

O for a thousand hearts to love thy name!
A thousand tongues to sound thy glories high!
To spread abroad thine everlasting fame,
And join the hallelujahs of the sky,

Faith,

XI.

Faithful and true is thy tremendous name,
My glorious Master, my Almighty LORD!
Eternal ages prove thee still the same;
Eternal ages shall thy truth record.

XII.

On thee, the ocean of unbounded love,
My soul embarks her all, commits to thee
Her cares, her fears, her wants, and longs to prove
An everlasting refuge, LORD, in thee.

XIII.

On thy kind bosom I would fain recline,
My SAVIOR GOD. O let thy presence cheer!
Thy Spirit guide, and guard and seal me thine
Lead and direct me while I sojourn here.

XIV.

Then in the realms of bright celestial day,
My soul shall bless thee in sublimer lays;
Shall see thy glories in their full display,
And sing a sweeter, nobler song of praise.



A N

IRREGULAR ODE.

GREAT King of saints!
 Thou mighty Monarch of the heavens and earth,
 Whose awful fiat gave creation birth;
 Whose arm supports, whose eye surveys
 A universe, through all the maze
 Of ages past, of ages still to be
 The future and the past, are now to thee.
 Conception saints
 When viewing an omniscient Deity.

Ye sons of light,
 Angels who bow before the throne,
 Tune your soft harps and make him known,
 In lofty strains adore your God,
 And saints, the purchase of his blood,
 Ransom'd sinners join the theme;
 You delight to sing of him;
 We on earth, and you in heav'n:
 We to whom his grace is giv'n,
 Earnest of the glorious prize,
 You enjoy above the skies;
 Children of one Father, join
 Him to laud, in songs divine:
 God of nature, God of grace,
 We would give thee humble praise.

JESUS, hail ! incarnate God,
Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood.
Prince of peace, we bow to thee,
Father of eternity.
Hail ! the love that made us thine,
Love eternal, all divine :
Hail thy Father-GOD and ours ;
Aid us, O ye heav'nly pow'rs ;
Strike your softest, sweetest string,
While redeeming love we sing ;
While we bless the Holy Dove,
God of comfort, peace and love,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Hail ! mysterious Deity.

Thou great UNSEARCHABLE,
Whom heav'n and earth, whom seas and skies adore,
But finite understandings can't explore,
Who dwell'st in brightness inaccessible !
Thy glories shine in beams so bright,
Dazzling archangels fight.

My Father and my God !
How empires vanish at a sight of thee :
What's all their pomp, but trifling trash to me ?
My wealth is boundless, my stupendous store
Beggars Peru, thought cannot grasp at more.
With thee my portion, I despise the things
Men riches call, and look with scorn on kings.

My Father and my God !
Safe on thine arm I lean when storms arise,
And rolling tempests threat the frowning skies,

And

And satan's fiery darts are hurl'd around
With mischievous intent, to kill or wound,
Thou art my mighty SHIELD, I find in Thee
A safe retreat, a certain victory.

If slander lifts her forked tongue,
Or envy joins to do me wrong ;
Thine eye shall see, thine ear shall hear,
Thy hand shall grasp the glitt'ring spear,
Thy breath shall chase them, as when whirlwinds rise
The moths disperse, the scatter'd stubble flies.

But I shall sing
Salvation to my God and King,
While life endures, and then above
I'll tune a nobler song to praise the God of love.

A N

E L E G Y

On the DEATH of

The Reverend Doctor GIFFORD.

Who fell asleep in Christ the 19th of June, 1784,
in the 84th Year of his Age.

WHEN the loud din of war, and clash of arms
Subsides, and all Bellona's fierce alarms
Complete the labours of the long campaign,
And smiling Peace resumes her gentle reign;
The hero, crown'd with conquest, pleas'd, throws by
The glitt'ring spear, and the bright panoply
Of warlike arms, he quits the hostile shore,
His toils and dangers past, his battles o'er;
He flies to greet once more his native land,
And from his royal master's gracious hand
Receive the laurels, which he won with pain,
In the long siege, and on the well-fought plain;
In sylvan scenes to lose each anxious care,
Forget his toils and breath the purest air

Of

Of sweet serenity. No more the sound
Of thund'ring cannon shakes the trembling ground;
He listens to the lark and linnet's lay,
Enjoys the calm, as much at ease as they;
Bids ev'ry rude tumultuous passion cease,
And triumphs in the gentle arms of peace.
So rev'rend GIFFORD lays his armour by,
Quits the low earth, and soars above the sky.
Long in the field the Christian soldier stood,
And wrestled, not with foes of flesh and blood,
But pow'rs of darkness, rulers of the air,
Whose fiery darts ten thousand horrors bear.
Oft in black storms the barbed mischief flies,
Obscures the sun, and darkens all the skies.
But GIFFORD, great in arms, maintain'd the fight,
And, unappal'd, march'd on, through shades of night,
Till brighter day arose, secure he stood,
In all the glorious panoply of God;
And the last foe subdu'd, he quits the place,
And more than conq'ror, thro' almighty grace,
To brighter, fairer worlds he wings his way,
Where perfect peace, and everlasting day
Sweetly unite; there from IMMANUEL's hand,
The mighty Monarch of that happy land,
Receives the glorious palm of victory,
Receives a gracious welcome to the sky.
He tunes his golden harp, and joins the throng
Of white-rob'd saints, who with melodious song
Incessant hymn the throne of God, and raise
Eternal anthems to IMMANUEL's praise.
Thy name they sing, O Lamb of God! for thou
Hast wash'd them in thy blood; to thee they bow,

And tell to wond'ring seraphs what thy grace
Hath done for sinners of the human race.
Seraphs shall, pleas'd, attend, then join the lay,
And saints and angels shall thy love display:
The glorious theme shall run from choir to choir,
Tune ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry harp inspire.
Thy name shall echo thro' the courts above,
And all the wonders of redeeming love.

Come gentle Muse, in softest lays record
How liv'd, how dy'd the servant of the LORD;
Tell how, baptiz'd with heav'nly fire, he ran
To preach a GOD of love to fallen man:
To publish the good news of gospel grace
And free salvation, to a sinful race.
Sav'd by this grace himself, he long'd to tell
The boundless glories of IMMANUEL.
Truth from his lips like softest music flow'd,
And all his theme the righteousness of God.
Sweet Consolation sat upon his tongue
For mourning souls, by sin's sad serpent stung.
A son of Thunder to awake the dead,
While Sinai's light'nings flashes over head.
Amidst a world of error, faithful He,
Zealous for Gospel, holy liberty.
Firm as a brazen pillar GIFFORD stood,
And liv'd and wrote, and preach'd the truth of God.
At JESU's feet he sat, and on his breast,
Like favor'd John, was oft indulg'd to rest.
He found his bliss and source of wisdom here,
And caught his spirit while he sat so near.

Love!

Love! heav'nly love, like a bright flame arose,
 Immortal love, that no extinction knows,
 Enlarg'd his gen'rous heart, and bid it flow
 With softest sympathy for others woe.
 There mild Beneficence sat up her throne,
 And sweet Complacence seal'd him for her own:
 The law of kindness from his lips distill'd,
 Smil'd in his cheeks, and all his bosom fill'd;
 And now he proves, in the bright world above,
 His heav'n of heavens in a Savior's love.

Vast was his mind, for Contemplation made;
 Vast were the pow'rs his active mind display'd.
 Thro' Nature's most stupendous works it run,
 Measur'd the stars and circumscrib'd the sun;
 From link to link of the great chain descends,
 And only with Creation's ending, ends.
 Thro' fields of science sought the Deity,
 Led by thy hand, O fair Philosophy!
 But chiefly thou, O Science all divine!
 To whom all others must the palm resign;
 Creation proves a God, but how to know,
 To fear, and love, and to enjoy him too,
 Creation here is mute, and all the rest,
 Can but by REVELATION be exprest.
 Hail! then, O Spirit, who only can display
 To sinners hearts, the new and living way.
 GIFFORD, led on by thee, explor'd the road,
 And learn'd to know the hidden things of God.
 Hail! sacred knowledge, science all divine,
 Distinct from thee, Philosophy can shine

But

But with a glow-worm lustre ; the vast mind
By arts and erudition most refin'd,
So comprehensive, as to grasp the ball,
Untaught by thee, is ignorant of all.
For GOD is all—and not that GOD to know,
Is blindness, death, and everlasting woe ;
But GIFFORD knew, and preach'd to sinners round,
The Savior and Salvation he had found ;
And now from earth remov'd to yonder skies,
How high his wonder swells, his joys arise ;
His large capacious soul amaz'd, can trace
The GOD of Nature, Providence, and Grace,
In all his wond'rous works, by death fet free
From the dark veil of dull mortality.

Soft was the hand, and gentle was the blow,
That summon'd GIFFORD from this vale below ;
Death like an angel came, and beck'ning stood,
His willing soul took wing, and soar'd to GOD ;
In realms of bliss adores his Savior's name,
And bows and sings salvation to the LAMB.

AN
E L E G Y

OCCASIONED BY THE

D E A T H

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH DOWLAND.

COME heav'nly Muse, and with thy own soft fire
 Warm my cold heart, a sacred song inspire,
 Solemn as death, sweet as the breath of morn
 When Sol's bright beams, the eastern clouds adorn.
 Come, sing Eliza, see the saint arise,
 Burst fleshly bars, and soar above the skies,
 To that bright world where joys immortal grow,
 And life's unfathom'd waters ever flow :
 There, rob'd in white, she joins the happy train,
 The ransom'd throng for whom the LAMB was slain ;
 She shares the glories of the chosen race,
 And basks and triumphs in the God of grace.

How chang'd the scene ! when late in mortal clay
 (Ere her Redeemer call'd her soul away)

'Midst

'Midst ills and enemies she sojourn'd here,
 Encompas'd with infirmity and fear,
 As all her kindred of the dust, who stand
 And wait a summons to the promis'd land;
 Then (highly favour'd) did Eliza prove
 The kind protection of the God of love.
 The silken bands of grace he gently threw
 Around her youthful heart, and softly drew
 Her young affections to the SAVIOR's feet,
 Ev'n ere the days of childhood were compleat.
 Oft has her list'ning mind attentive hung
 On the sweet music of a Langford's * tongue,
 When he the Gospel's silver trumpet blew,
 She heard, and in increasing knowledge grew.

As when the rising sun his beams display,
 Checks the dull shades, and bids the night give way,
 Gradual he ushers in the roseate day. }
 Before his flaming car the vapours fly,
 Till gold and purple tinge the glowing sky;
 Nor stays his course, till, with bright glories crown'd,
 He darts his full meridian splendors round.
 So the young saint arose from nature's night,
 And shone with every christian virtue bright;
 In constant progress ran the heav'nly race,
 By wisdom guided, and upheld by grace.

G

Vast

* Alluding to her being brought to a sense and knowledge of divine things, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Langford, when only eight years of age, who is now a living witness of the progress she made therein, under the blessing of God; also of her trials and triumphs in general, from that time till her death.

Vast was her mind, and large her mental pow'r;
 Improv'd by study, in her leisure hours;
 Devoted to her God, her mem'ry stor'd
 With the rich treasures of the sacred word;
 Deep read in things divine, she shone in youth
 A living Concordance of heav'nly truth.
 Truth was her song, and all her conduct shew
 The more she lov'd, as more of truth she knew;
 For she adorn'd each character in life,
 The tender mother and the virtuous wife.
 But ah! these solemn ties no more can bind,
 Nor shall Eliza longer be confin'd
 In walls of clay; commission'd from on high,
 Death, like a friendly visitant, drew nigh;
 His usual harbingers, sickness and pain,
 Had long oppress'd her, but oppress'd in vain
 To raise a murm'ring sigh; resign'd to all,
 At JESU's feet, see her submissive fall.
 Satan in vain threw fiery darts around,
 For JESUS still her strength and shield she found;
 In vain her fears arose, for JESUS stands
 And shews his pierced side, his bleeding hands,
 By faith divine she views her SAVIOR-GOD,
 And triumphs in a pardon bought with blood:
 Lo! death steps in—the solemn stroke is giv'n,
 She sighs—she falls asleep—she mounts to heav'n*.

Hail,

* Before her death she chose the text for her funeral sermon, and the hymns to be sung at her funeral, with pleasure and composure. Mr Langford, according to her Request, preached a discourse on the occasion, from Revelations, ch. vii. ver. 14. Sunday evening, April 20, 1783, at the Chapel, in Rose-lane, Ratcliff.

Hail, happy saint ! immortal bliss is thine,
 To see thy God, and the grand chorus join
 Of endless hallelujahs, endless praise
 To JESUS, SON of MAN, and GOD of grace.
 Short was thy stay on earth, transient thy pain ;
 Eternal life, and everlasting gain
 Thy glorious portion now, exchange how good,
 From earth to heav'n, the paradise of God ;
 There thou may'st view and sing the LAMB who dy'd,
 And by thy dear, thy much-lov'd parent's side
 (For thou hast found her) thou may'st sit and tell
 The wonders of the great IMMANUEL.
 Enraptur'd shall thy list'ning brother stand,
 And hail thee welcome to the promis'd land ;
 While two bright cherubs swell thy joyful strain,
 Thine heart must know thy smiling babes again,
 The dear, the darling infant, latest giv'n,
 Who wing'd his way thy harbinger to heav'n ;
 These shall with thee eternal mercy prove,
 And sing the GOD whose glorious name is love.

How shall the muse address a weeping pair ?
 The Muse shall weep and in their sorrows share,
 Let stoic hearts disdain to feel, but here
 Friendship shall drop a sympathetic tear.
 A HUSBAND and a FATHER, tender names,
 Such sacred ties a sober sorrow claims ;
 Think not the rising sigh, tho' sad, amiss,
 Tears are well shed on such a grave as this :
 But while we mourn, O let your thoughts arise
 Above the eagle's flight, to yon bright skies,

There your Eliza lives, there Jesus reigns,
And saints are free from sin, from cares and pains;
Death cannot enter there, his pow'rful dart
Can stab no more, no more can wound the heart;
For life, eternal life compleats the joy,
And not one anxious thought shall e'er annoy:
Lift up your eyes then to that happy place,
O look again and view the God of grace;
Look till your hearts, ascending with your eyes,
Learn all sublunar objects to despise;
Reject the toys of time, and seek alone
The pleasures which surround your Father's throne,
Which, like a boundless ocean, shall endure
When death shall cease, and time shall be no more.



AN
E L E G Y
ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE
MUCH - LAMENTED
Mr. CHRISTOPHER SELDON SLOW.

HAIL! happy faint, immortal splendors shine
Around thy head, the gift of love divine;
High thron'd in blifs, above yon azure skies,
In sweet enjoyment of the heav'nly prize;
Thy ransom'd fpirit ftands divinely bright,
Crown'd with SALVATION in the realms of light.

See SELDON in the morning of his days,
Led by parental care in wifdom's ways,
By precept and example taught the road
Which leads from earth to heav'n, from fin to God.
A pious Father's fervent pray'rs arife,
Ascends the clouds and penetrates the skies;

Well pleas'd Jehovah hears, and grants the boon,
His heart's best wishes for his darling Son,
And bids all-potent grace erect her throne
In SELDON's breast, and seal him all her own :
Lo! winds and waves the favor'd youth convey
To Britain's Isle in an auspicious day;
When PILTIUS blew the gospel trump, his voice
Bid sinners tremble, weeping saints rejoice;
To those a son of thunder, but to these
The gentle messenger of heav'nly peace :
He heard the faithful herald loud proclaim
The great salvation of the slaughter'd LAMB ;
He heard, and grace descended to impart
This great salvation to young SELDON's heart;
Now like the bounding roe, with eager pace
He runs, he flies to that delightful place,
Down Savoy's hill, where saints assembled join
In worship pure, devotion all divine ;
And walks with God, while thrice the radiant sun
Measures ten summers, ere his work is done ;
With ever chearful heart and smiling face,
Patient he marches on his heav'nly race ;
The widow's friend, the orphan's kind support,
Constant in all that bears a good report ;
Benevolently good, with all replete
That forms the Christian character complete.
When death, with stingless dart, call'd him away,
And Gabriel bore him to the realms of day ;
In vain your tears, ye faithful mourners rise,
Your friend is safely lodg'd within the skies :
Clasp'd in IMMANUEL's arms, he proves the bliss
Of a blood-bought eternal Paradise ;

Then

AN ELEGY.

33

Then cease your grief, ye saints, and onward press
 Tow'rd the bright prize, a crown of righteousness:
 But hark! from yonder cloud a whisper breaks,
 Be hush'd, my soul, for 'tis Christopher speaks:
 "Weep not for me, my dangers all are past,
 I've run the race, and reach'd the goal at last;
 The swelling tides of Jordan threat no more,
 I'm safely landed on the wish'd for shore;
 With conquest crown'd, triumphant now I stand,
 In full possession of the promis'd land:
 Satan and sin, no more my peace molest,
 No more shall sighs of sorrow heave my breast,
 I've left the cumb'rous load of flesh behind,
 And found my JESUS faithful as he's kind;
 Without a cloud my Father's face I see,
 And bless the great GOD-MAN who dy'd for me.
 Before his throne I fall in raptures down,
 And at his feet I lay my glorious crown;
 Gladly I tune my harp and voice to sing
 The matchless triumphs of my matchless King;
 Adore that sov'reign love, and bless the grace
 That gave me robes of perfect righteousness,
 That saw me late in nature's darkness lay.
 And gave me eyes to view his gospel day;
 He knew my sorrows, pity'd all my woe,
 And said to satan, "Loose and let him go."
 He spake, 'twas done, my fetter'd soul set free,
 To follow JESUS in true liberty;
 Guided by wisdom and upheld by grace,
 He led me safely thro' the wilderness:
 When foil'd by foes, he ran to give me aid,
 And on his bosom would repose my head;

Fe neath

Beneath me spread his everlasting arm,
 And heal'd my wounds with Gilead's precious balm;
 When fainting under Sol's meridian beams,
 Allay'd my thirst with ever living streams;
 And when I hunger'd, to my soul was giv'n
 The real manna, living bread from heav'n,
 Till Jordan's verge appear'd, replete with harms;
 But JESUS bore me over in his arms,
 And in his temple, on this happy shore,
 I live a pillar, to go out no more;
 But join cherubic songs to bless his name,
 And sing salvation to the slaughter'd LAMB.
 Then weep no more for me, my friends, but rise
 And follow JESUS to those radiant skies,
 There we shall meet, from sin and sorrow free
 And death be swallow'd up in victory.



AN
E L E G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

OF MY

SISTER,

MRS. ELIZABETH BURROWS.

COME sad Melpomene, and aid my verse,
While I ELIZA's gentle name rehearse,
Tell how the saint in prime of life expir'd
And from a world of sin and woe retir'd
To dwell with JESUS in the realms of bliss,
Bought with his blood, and seal'd for ever his.
Shall I repeat the sorrows of her soul?
No, JESUS' precious blood has made them whole:
Shall I the troubles of her life relate?
They were so varied, num'rous and so great
That none but their Appointer can declare,
And those who in the like affliction share.
Shall I my subject make that heavy rod
Which brought her spirit home to dwell with God?
Shall I unfold the melancholy scene?
I would—but her command steps in between:
She sleeps; she's safely lodg'd in JESUS' breast,
Eternal silence dwell upon the rest;

Eternal

Or if it must be nam'd, then let it be
 When SOL's bright beams are fled beyond the sea,
 When silver CYNTHIA glimmer's o'er the plain,
 And awful silence, midnight horrors reign ;
 Or, nature hush'd, attentive audience pays
 To wakeful PHILOMEL's impassion'd lays :
 The BIRD would cease, the MOON would turn more
 pale

To hear me tell the sad, the mournful tale—
 O did the world her tragic story know,
 The world would melt in sympathetic woe,
 No stubborn heart so hard, that could forbear
 The tender tribute of a pitying tear.

'Tis past—the race is run, the storm is o'er,
 ELIZA's landed on the peaceful shore.
 Never shall I forget the solemn day,
 When her REDEEMER kiss'd her soul away,
 To the pure realms of everlasting day.
 Victorious death his swift approaches made,
 She met him unappalled, undismay'd ;
 Cry'd, " Come my LORD, my precious JESUS hear,
 And in thy presence let me soon appear."
 'Twas done! a glorious ANGEL stood confest*,
 And bore ELIZA to eternal rest.
 Hail! happy spirit, dear celestial shade,
 Wreaths of unfading splendors crown thy head:
 My FRIEND! my SISTER! if those sacred ties
 Can bind immortal spirits in the skies,

How

* A few moments before she expired, she pronounced the word *Angel*, with such an emphasis as left no room for her friends to doubt but what she really saw some glorious appearance.

How blest art thou, from sin and sorrow free,
 No more encompass'd with infirmity;
 Thy tribulation-days are now no more,
 And thou art landed on the peaceful shore
 Where no loud storms, no threat'ning thunders roar. }
 Thou dwell'st secure in yon bright world above,
 Where all is harmony, and joy, and love;
 While I on earth remain a pilgrim still,
 Confin'd in clay, but 'tis my FATHER's will;
 When he commands, my willing soul shall fly
 To meet ELIZA in th' etherial sky:
 There with one voice, united praise we'll sing
 To our almighty SAVIOR, and our KING,
 And bless his boundless grace supremely free,
 Thro' the long ages of eternity,
 Who when we both deserv'd eternal ire,
 Snatch'd us as brands from sin's devouring fire,
 Shew'd our poor hearts his consolating face,
 And made us willing subjects of his grace;
 And to thy hand the glorious prize has giv'n,
 Tho' latest call'd on earth, the first to heav'n.
 Till that bless'd hour, that wish'd-for time arrive,
 Thy mem'ry in my heart shall long survive.
 Swift let the moment come which shall unite
 Thy own MARIA to her FRIEND in light,
 Where in extatic bliss our souls shall prove
 The heights and depths of EVERLASTING LOVE.



AN
E L E G Y

Occasioned by the **DEATH** of

The Reverend Doctor W O U D E,

Pastor of the Calvinist Church, in the Savoy.

GO happy **W O U D E**, clap thy bright wings, and soar
To the bright realms of everlasting day,

The happy seat of rest, the peaceful shore,
Where saints and angels tune the choral lay,

Go take thy harp, and join the rapturous song
That echo's thro' the blest etherial plains,
Swell the glad anthems of the ransom'd throng,
In the fair world where **Love** immortal reigns.

The Gospel's silver trump long hast thou blown,
And pointed sinners to the living way;
With warning voice their guilt and danger shewn,
And preach'd the blood that takes their guilt away.

Long

Long hast thou fought the battles of the LORD,
Now all-victorious, lo, thou bear'st the PALM,
Supported by the SPIRIT and the WORD:
And leaning on the mighty SAVIOR's arm.

Stedfast thou stood'st, tho' storms tumultuous rose,
But storms tumultuous can no more molest,
More than triumphant over hosts of foes,
Now all is calm composure in thy breast.

Hail, happy WOUDE! thro' many rolling years,
The saint by love inspir'd walk'd with his GOD,
Now joyful in his presence he appears
Welcome to all the glories of his LORD.

Here he beholds the LAMB for sinners slain,
And crown'd with blessedness extreme shall live,
Long as the great INCARNATE GOD shall reign,
And prove the choicest blessings GOD can give.

Then cease to weep, ye follow'rs of the LAMB,
Who mourn your pastor, lately call'd to heav'n,
If ye revere, and love his honour'd name,
Rejoice that to his hand the prize is giv'n.

In vain the boasting TYRANT of the GRAVE,
Erects a trophy o'er his sleeping clay,
JESUS the GOD, omnipotent to save,
Shall call it forth at the great rising day.

Then

Then shall the monster DEATH a victor own,
And LIFE, immortal LIFE for ever reign :
Triumphant saints shall their REDEEMER crown,
And joy and wonder fill th' heav'nly train.

Then check your sorrows, and with steady eye,
Behold the track your faithful pastor trod,
Pursue the heav'nly road that leads on high,
And strong in FAITH and PATIENCE, WALK with
God.

Then when the king of terrors comes in view,
He shall put on a smooth and smiling face;
He bears no terrors when he comes to you,
But comes the messenger of sov'reign grace.

To call you from a world of sin and woe,
To the bright realms of everlasting day,
Where trees of life and endless pleasures grow,
Without deception, and without decay.



A N

H Y M N.

YE ANGELS, who stand round the throne,
 And see my IMMANUEL's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known,
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
 He form'd you the SPIRITS you are,
 So noble, so happy, so good,
 While others sunk down in despair,
 Confirm'd by his power, you stood.

Ye SAINTS, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His GRACE and his GLORY display,
 O tell of his love as is meet ;
 He sav'd you from HELL, and the GRAVE,
 He ransom'd from DEATH and DESPAIR,
 For you he was MIGHTY to SAVE,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

O when will the period appear
 When I shall unite in your song !
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your SAVIOUR belong !

I'm

I'm fetter'd, and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free,
I long to be soaring away,
My GOD and my SAVIOUR to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the BLOOD of the LAMB,
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I want—O I want to be there,
(Where SORROW and SIN bid adieu,)
Your JOY and your FRIENDSHIP to share,
To wonder and worship with you.



A N
H Y M N.

THOU soft flowing **KEDRON**, by thy silver stream;
Our **SAVIOR** at midnight, when *Cynthia's* pale beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapours that fell on his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The **ANGELS** astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their **MASTER** with solemn delight.

O garden of **OLIVER**, dear honour'd spot!
Thy name and thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of **SORROW**! the triumph of **LOVE**.

'Twas here he engag'd with the **Lion** of hell;
Beneath his strong arm all our enemies fell:
'Twas here he encounter'd with **INFINITE WRATH**;
And conquer'd by **LOVE** that was stronger than *Death*.

Come saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory and praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the grand chorus that gladdens the skies.

A N

E P I S T L E

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

T H E

E N Q U I R Y.

Addressed to Miranda's Guardian Angel.

GENTLE spirit, tell me where

My Miranda loves to stray?

Is the not thy watchful care

Thro' the night, and all the day?

Does she wander through the grove,

Lis't'ning to the Linnet's lay,

Musing on diviner love

Than creation can display.

Is the roving o'er the field,

Blest with *friendship's* pleasing voice?

Friendship that can pleasure yield,

Crowning all her other joys.

Is the raging main in view,

While he throws his billows high?

This, all this is known to you;

Wing'd descendant from the sky;

Gentle

Gentle spirit, fly, O fly,
 And to my MIRANDA bear
 On thy downy wings, a sigh;
 Softly whisper in her ear,
 Say, MARIA longs to meet,
 Longs to see her FRIEND again:
 Joys of meeting must be sweet,
 If to part be such a pain,

Fly, ye moments, haste the time,
 When to yon bright world above,
 We with joyful feet shall climb,
 Clad with glory, fill'd with love:
 Then united, side by side,
 Never, never more to part,
 Endless years shall not divide
 My MIRANDA from my heart.

Thro' the golden streets we'll stray,
 View our FATHER's smiling face,
 In the realms of heav'nly day,
 Sing the wonders of his grace;
 Sin and sorrow left behind,
 Peace and joy shall sweetly flow
 In our happy, happy minds,
 Come, MIRANDA, let us go.

T O M I R A N D A.

AN

I N V I T A T I O N

T O

L O N D O N,

I N S E P T E M B E R;

COME, my MIRANDA, come away,The *summer's* o'er, no longer stay;The *mists* arise, the *rains* descend,

Come to the wishes of thy FRIEND.

The radiant sun in feeble rays,

A short-liv'd splendor now displays:

From the bleak *north*, the winds arise,

And bluster through the gloomy skies;

The fallen leaves bestrew the ground;

No more the sweet, the chearful sound

Of woodlark's soothing song I hear,

No more the flow'ry train appear,

But *winter* spreads his dreary sway;

Come, my Miranda, come away.

'Tis

AN INVITATION.

101

'Tis FRIENDSHIP calls, she waits for thee,
 And longs her absent FRIEND to see:
 For thee the MUSE has strung her lyre,
 And glows with soft poetic fire,
 (A sacred flame, that still shall rise,
 For lo, 'twas kindled in the skies.)
 To meet Miranda with a song,
 For joy to friendship must belong.
 Tho' sad, the dull declining year,
 Does in her wintry drefs appear,
 May you enjoy a mental SPRING,
 And hear the heav'nly TURTLE sing;
 Bright may the Sun of Righteousness,
 Shine in his glorious beams of grace,
 Dispelling every cloud away,
 And fill your soul with GOSPEL-day;
 While from on high, celestial dews,
 And gentle show'rs their aid diffuse
 To make the FIR, and MYRTLE bloom,
 And all the vintage breath perfume;
 That my MIRANDA may appear
 In robes of summer all the year.
 May rosy *Health* with chearful eye,
 Sent from the Monarch of the sky,
 Attend to crown your future days,
 And all your happy life be praise;
 Praise to the God of boundless love,
 Who keeps for you a seat above,
 Whose gracious providential eye
 Shall fill your ev'ry want supply.

Till *Jordan's* swelling streams are past,
And safely you arrive at last
In the bright world of heav'nly day,
Where sin and sorrow fled away,
I shall my dear MIRANDA meet;
Then, at our kind REDEEMER's feet,
We'll cast our crowns, and love, and sing
SALVATION to our God and King;
And in his temple, on that shore,
Be PILLARS, to go out no more.



A N

EVENING THOUGHT,

ADDRESSED TO A

F R I E N D.

STILL is the hour, the lamp of day,
 In other skies his beams display;
 The silver moon with sober light
 And gentle influence crowns the night:
 Hush'd be the passions of my soul,
 There let no jarring tempest roll,
 No gloomy clouds portentous lour,
 But all be placid, as this hour,
 Calm as the wave where HALCYONS play,
 When SOL unfolds his brightest ray.
 Well may sweet PEACE delight to dwell
 With souls redeem'd from death and hell.
 Tho' winds may rise and tempests blow,
 And hell engage to work them woe;
 JESUS JEHOVAH reigns on high,
 He views them with a father's eye;

His

His hand supports and guides them thro',
In spite of all that hell can do.
He smiles, and all their sorrows cease;
He speaks the tempest into peace;
Peace, like a river, flows within,
From a sweet sense of pardoned sin:
Releas'd from guilt, releas'd from fear,
They find their great Deliverer near;
They bless his name, they sing his love,
And long to see his face above :
To you, my friend, I need not say,
This is the SAVIOR's gracious way,
By sweet experience taught, you know
His dealings with his saints below ;
Thrice happy thou indulg'd to sit
With MARY at the MASTER's feet;
Nor think my MUSE presumes to bring
To thee instruction on her wing,
She would but gratulate thy bliss,
And list his praises whose she is.
But ah ! she faints, unequal quite
To such a task, the sons of light,
Who bow before JEHOVAH's face,
Can best proclaim his matchless grace ;
Yet I would fain attempt to sing
In humble lays the heav'nly King,
And tune my tongue, and strike my lyre,
In echo to th' angelic choir.
Ye ling'ring hours, O speed away ;
Time, mend thy pace, and bring the day
When freed from flesh, and freed from sin,
I shall the heav'nly song begin;

And

And tell the shining hosts above
The wonders of redeeming love;
With them adore IMMANUEL's name,
And sing SALVATION to the LAMB,

Methinks, my friend, I hear you say,
"With patience wait the coming day;
'Tis near, 'tis hast'ning on apace,
As fast as time can run his race:
Soon shall the shadows flee away,
And yield to bright eternal day:
The *sun*, and *moon*, and *stars* shall fall,
And one wide ruin swallow all
The works of nature, then the blest,
Shall enter into sacred rest:
Then shall we tune our harps and sing,
The triumphs of the heav'nly King;
Prove the rich depths of boundless grace,
Adore his love, and see his face:
Till then, let *faith* and *patience* wait,
Constant attendants at his gate,
Submissive bow beneath his rod,
While flesh confines us from our God."



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THOUGHT (6)
Mr. and Mrs. DEFLEURY, Junrs.

MARRIED, NOVEMBER 25th, 1773.

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE SISTER,

MARIA DE FLEURY,

Wishing them Grace, Mercy and Peace, from God
the FATHER, and from JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

HAPPY the pair, who're fitly join'd,
In heart, in temper and in mind,
Made one in HYMEN's filken bands;
United hearts, united hands,
Both children of eternal grace,
Both journeying to the heav'nly place,
Both taught in the REDEEMER's school,
They make his will, his word their rule.
Helpmeets indeed, they kindly bear
And soften each the other's care.
Celestial FRIENDSHIP smiles around,
And all their hours with PEACE are crown'd:

They

A P O E M.

They mount towards the realms of day,
And find a heav'n all the way;
So JESUS loves his ransom'd bride,
For whom he groan'd, and bled, and dy'd;
Who life receives from his pierc'd side.
So Zion hangs on JESUS' name,
And calls him LORD, with tend'rest claim:
Her BROTHER, SAVIOR, BRIDEGROOM, ALL;
And on his love depends for ALL.
No harsh commands the SAVIOR lays,
No forc'd obedience Zion pays;
A loving sceptre JESUS wields,
A free obedience Zion yields:
To do his will is her employ,
Because his will's her chiefest joy;
She has her will, when his is done,
They will the same, for they are one.
Ye marry'd, would ye happy prove,
Remember all the charm is love.



A N

EPITHALAMIUM

ADDRESSED TO

Mr. and Mrs. M———n,

ON THEIR

MARRIAGE.

Gentle MUSE, awake and see
Sacred FRIENDSHIP waits for thee;
Tune the harp, and strike the lyre,
FRIENDSHIP shall the theme inspire;
Joyful sounds, and sacred song,
Do to WEDDED LOVE belong.

HAIL! wedded pair, in HYMEN's bands,
Since heav'n has kindly join'd your hands,
May that Pow'r, who reigns above,
God of grace and God of love,
From his radiant throne bestow
All can make you blest below;
Smiling on your union shed,
Choiceft blessings on your head;

Constant

A P O E M

109

Constant as the rising sun,
Hastes his daily course to run ;
Num'rous as distilling dews,
O'er the meads their drops diffuse,
Blessings of the upper springs,
Grace to make you priests and kings.
'Mongst Jehovah's royal train,
Saints who with the LAMB shall reign,
Mutual love to keep your life
Free from jarring, free from strife ;
Mutual love your hearts to bless
With domestic happiness
While his providential eye
Ev'ry want shall well supply.
So ye favor'd pair shall prove
Happy here, and blest'd above.



TO

Mr. and Mrs. **T—D—**.

ON THEIR

MARRIAGE.

HAIL! happy pair, whose hearts and hands
United in the strongest bands
That HEAV'N can form, or LOVE compose,
To sooth the weight of human woes;
For you, shall rosy HYMEN twine
A wreath of amaranth divine,
And smiling on your union shed,
His choicest influence on your head;
For you bright SOL, enthron'd on high,
Shall dart his glories thro' the sky,
Disperse the glooms, to grace the day,
And chase the wint'ry clouds away;
For you, the gay, the new-born year
Shall in her vernal robes appear,
The blooming beauties of the spring
And FRIENDSHIP teach the Muse to sing.

Say

Say, what can sooth the brow of care,
 And life's rude breaches best repair?
 Say, what its brightest joys refine,
 And **HAPPINESS** with **WEDLOCK** join?
 'Tis not the pompous glare of gold,
 No, bliss is oft for mammon sold:
 The sordid mind in ev'ry state,
 Is poor, ('tis so decreed by fate)
 'Tis mutual **FRIENDSHIP**, mutual **LOVE**,
 A sacred spark dropp'd from above,
 A pure, ethereal, gen'rous flame,
 A much dishonour'd, injur'd name,
 Prophan'd too oft—yet where 'tis found,
 Peace and content are smiling round.

May this be yours, and as your days
 Increase, and time runs on his race,
 Still may it deeper strike its root,
 And then 'twill bear you precious fruit;
 'Twill sooth and soften ev'ry woe,
 When in a painful path you go,
 Refine your bliss, each joy exalt
 And kindly cover every fault;
 'Twill banish discord far away,
 And make each morn your wedding day.

But Oh! reflect, sublunar bliss,
 The highest earthly happiness,
 The summit gain'd, must soon decay,
 Must fade, and droop, and die away;
 Death at one stroke, will lay it low,
 And bid those joys no longer flow;

Then

Then seek those pleasures which endure
 For ever vast, for ever sure ;
 Immortal souls should pant for joys
 At God's right hand in paradise ;
 Where interruption cannot come,
 But life and bliss for ever bloom :
 There may you meet, in that great day,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 Array'd in white, the bridal dress
 Of Jesus' perfect righteousness,
 And at the MARRIAGE SUPPER prove
 The wonders of redeeming love.



TO

Mr. and Mrs. COLLIER,

A CONGRATULATORY

ODE AND ACROSTIC

ON THEIR

MARRIAGE.

W here, gentle MUSE, dost thou abide?
I f on Parnassus' verdant side,
L eaf crown'd, or in the flow'ry dell,
L owly recluse, thou lov'st to dwell:
I nspir'd by FRIENDSHIP, come away
A nd chearful gratulations pay,
M elodious as the warbling lark, or softer linnet's
lay.

}

A s dew-drops sparkling o'er the lawn,
N ew from the eye of rosy MORN,
D isils with each succeeding dawn ;

}

I

As

A s PHOEBUS keeps a constant pace,
 N or tires amidst his glorious race,
 N or stops till in his noontide hour,
 E arth glows beneath the genial pow'r.

C ome thus, ye heav'nly show'rs, ye dews
 O f grace and mercy, and diffuse
 L ove, and joy, and peace around,
 L et the pair by HYMEN crown'd;
 I n the best of gifts divine
 E ver prosper, ever shine,
 R ich in the gracious smiles of heav'n benign.

Hail! gentle pair,
 Made one in Hymen's sacred bands,
 United hearts, united hands :
 Long may you share
 Domestic happiness, and prove
 The sweetness of connubial love,
 Founded on its strongest base,
 Deeply cemented by grace,
 This will soften ev'ry woe,
 If in painful paths you go,
 Calm each storm, for storms oft rise,
 Pilgrims know, below the skies :
 May your Father's eye
 Ever watchful, guard you round ;
 May his liberal hand
 Plenteous blessings on you pour,
 Blessings of the upper sky ;

Blef-

Blessings of the fruitful vale,
Till with truth and mercy crown'd :
Ev'ry storm and tempest o'er,
Soft and gentle be the gale,
Wafts you to the happy land,
Where the ransom'd of the LORD,
Tune their harps, and sing his praise.
Worthy he to be ador'd,
God of love, and God of grace.



TO

Mr. and Mrs. D R E W,

ON THEIR

M A R R I A G E.

AS o'er yon western hills the setting sun
Gilds the gay horizon with orient gold,
And darts resplendent lustre thro' the blue
Expanse of heav'n, drinking the new fall'n show'r
That lately glisten'd on the grassy mead,
Like the kind drops the eye of morn distills,
When first she rises from her soft repose.
The blaze of noon is o'er, nature refresh'd,
Welcomes the gentle ev'ning, whose gay robe,
Shining with gold and purple, bids expect
A day more bright, more welcome than the last.

So may your eve of life, my friends, glide on
In gentle peace, crown'd with the shining beams

Of

Of that bright SUN, that glorious FOUNT of LIGHT,
 From whom refulgent SOL his rays receives,
 And worlds unnumber'd, drink their glories in:
 Chear'd by his presence, may the painful thought
 Of past afflictions, vanish from your mind,
 And all your future happy hours be blest
 With sweet enjoyment of the GOD of love,
 And the pure pleasures which must ever flow
 From FRIENDSHIP undisguis'd: FRIENDSHIP sincere,
 Solid, like yours, on firmest basis built,
 Matur'd by time, and ripen'd by the breath
 Of smiling Hymen, (Hymen here shall smile,
 With *rational* delight) he oft runs mad
 With giddy youth, whose wild romantic flame,
 Too unsubstantial to endure—a flash
 Expiring with the torch that bade it glow.
 Not so shall yours, the lambent flame shall rise,
 And still increasing as your days increase,
 Shall warm your hearts with social happiness:
 Sweet soft'ner of life's rude anxieties,
 Mutual support shall well sustain the load
 Time's heavy hand lays on declining years,
 Alleviate pain; and tender *sympathy*
 Shall make each other's care best half its own.
 So may your days pass on, serenely calm,
 Unruffled by a storm, and present peace,
 A kind prelude prove to future joys ;
 That when the sun's bright beams are set in night,
 And time shall throw his scythe away, and yield
 The imperial sceptre to eternity,
 Ye then may meet among the ransom'd throng,

And at the marriage supper of the Lamb,
 Set and partake the bounties of the feast,
 And share the bridegroom's joy, in that bright world
 Where sorrow enters not, but love and peace
 Reign in full measure, and triumphant songs,
 Proclaim the wonders of REDEEMING LOVE,
 Thro' space unlimited—the concave rings
 With “ Worthy is the Lamb, of praise and pow'r.”
 There may ye walk array'd in robes of light,
 And talk of JESU's dying love to men,
 May quaff immortal pleasures—from the tree
 Of life eternal, pluck ambrosial fruit,
 While everlasting ages roll along,
 Crown'd with SALVATION as the sons of God.



(119)

A N
E P I T H A L A M I U M;
O R,
W E D D I N G S O N G,

ADDRESSED TO

Mr. and Mrs. A——y.

GENTLE MUSE, awake and sing,
Hither bring thy softest lay,
Touch the viol's sweetest string,
To record the happy day:
Rise, O SUN, divinely bright,
All thy radiant beams display,
Let thy fairest, purest light,
Crown the honours of the day.

Happy pair! in silken bands,
Smiling HYMEN, WEDDED LOVE,
Union blest of hearts and hands,
Be your union seal'd above;

I 4

From

From the bounteous hand of heav'n,
 May abundant show'rs descend,
Love, and *joy*, and *peace* be giv'n,
 And your future hours attend.

As the circling years roll on,
 May your happiness increase,
 May the bliss this day begun,
 Never falter, never cease;
 Hand in hand in wisdom's ways,
 May your path thro' life be trod,
 Guided by the hand of grace,
 Favour'd with the smiles of God.

Should a thorny path appear,
 Gloomy clouds o'erhang the sky,
 Fear not, there's *salvation* near,
 Lo, a SAVIOR's ever nigh;
 On before you he will go,
 ANGEL of the COV'NANT still,
 Strong to conquer ev'ry foe,
 Strong to guard from ev'ry ill.

Mutual *love*, sweet sympathy,
 Kindly soothing ev'ry care,
 Keep your life from discord free,
 Each the other's burden bear;
 While your Father's gracious eye,
 And his providential hand,

Ev'ry

Ev'ry want shall well supply,
Till you in his presence stand.

Then around his glorious throne,
Hand in hand to sing his praise,
On his head to set the crown,
Bless him thro' eternal days :
O may this your portion be;
Happy *pair*, ye then shall prove
Genuine, rich felicity
Here and in the realms above.



A

M E D I T A T I O N

O N

R E D E M P T I O N.

WISDOM divine, O aid me while I sing
 The boundless wonders of REDEEMING LOVE!
 A theme so grand, what mortal thought can trace,
 Or unassisted, sound the mighty deep,
 Where length, and depth, and breadth, are swallow'd up
 In ocean fathomless? thou mighty LOVE,
 Surpassing knowledge, ANGELS know thee not
 In full dimension, tho' celestial beings:
 How then shall I, a child of dust, a worm,
 A creature of a day, explore thy wonders?
 WISDOM divine, O aid my ventrous song;
 To thee, I call, nor other muse invoke;
 Thou only art sufficient to instruct,
 To purge the darksome films that cloud the sight,
 And chase my native ignorance away.
 Come heav'nly Light, thou SUN of righteousness,
 With

With thy delightful love-inspiring beams,
Arise and shine in beauties all thine own
Upon my ravish'd heart, that at thy feet,
In humble, awful wonder and delight,
My soul may lowly bow, and worship there,
The mystic self-existent Deity.

Shine on my mind, good SPIRIT from on high,
And let the meditations of my heart
Be influenc'd by thee; guide thou my pen,
While I record IMMANUEL's precious name,
And sing of all his dying love to man.

Thou mighty SAVIOR, where shall I begin
To trace thy wonders! can eternity
Spread a deep veil upon thy boundless love?
No! through eternity I look, and view
My name engrav'd upon IMMANUEL's breast.
I see thee thron'd in majesty sublime,
The SELF-EXISTENT JAH! and lo, thine heart
Glow with an ardent flame of love to me,
When thy great fiat bade a world arise,
With wond'rous beauty crown'd, and from the dust
A noble creature form'd, and call'd him MAN,
And on his soul stamp'd IMMORTALITY:
How burst thy glories forth, and all the God
Shone in creation's mighty work: but lo!
A greater work I sing, and wond'ring see
REDEMPTION rise. Thou Monarch of the skies,
Thy greatest, noblest work, when sin had marr'd
Thy fair creation, spoil'd thy creature man,
I see thee from thy lofty throne descend,

Where

Where burning seraphs hymn thy glorious name,
 And MANIFEST IN FLESH on earth appear :
 Angelic voices sung the SAVIOR's birth,
 And hail'd MESSIAH, consecrated King !
 Thou in my place, my room, and stead, appear'd
 To bear my sin's accumulated load
 Of guilt and shame, of agony and death,
 In thy own body, on the cursed tree.
 See, O my soul, thy bleeding SAVIOR see,
 In sad GETHSEMANE, bending beneath
 The weight of sin and sorrow not his own ;
 See from the garden to the judgment-hall
 Of throned *Herod*, where his back endures
 The stripes, the chastisement, the heavy scourge,
 Due to thy great rebellion : see him stand
 The meek and lowly Lamb ; nor only so,
 But heaven's Almighty, everlasting KING,
 Bound to a pillar, smarting under strokes
 By creatures hands inflicted ; trace him thence,
 In sad progression on to GOLGOTHA ;
 There view him hanging on the uplifted cross,
 Th' imperial ENSIGN of the christian world :
 Behold his veins out pour a crimson flood :
 Behold him sigh in anguish infinite :
 Behold the floodgates of Almighty wrath
 Set open wide, and all their treasur'd stores,
 Pour'd like a deluge on the SAVIOR's head,
 In such a sea, so long, so broad, so deep,
 That finite knowledge ne'er can fathom it,
 But O thou bleeding LORD, thou slaughter'd LAMB,
 Thro' thy rich grace, I know 'twas all for me !
 The sun asham'd to see his Maker die,

Hung

Hung his bright head in black, untimely night,
Appall'd the sons of men with strange dismay.
There hung my SAVIOR, and my SACRIFICE,
A whole burnt-offering offered up to GOD,
A righteous SAVIOR, such an offering,
That in the nostrils, of the great I AM,
Smells infinitely sweet. Behold in him,
JEHOVAH is well pleas'd: no anger now
Dwells in his bosom, to the happy souls
Redeem'd by blood. Thus sav'd by boundless grace,
Lift up your eyes, ye follow'rs of the LAMB:
And thou, my soul, behold thy risen LORD,
Your righteous ADVOCATE, your great SALVATION.
When sunk in fears, and doubts, and griefs, O think
He lives to plead your cause before the throne.
Remember GOD hath sworn, as on the earth
No more destroying waters shall prevail,
So hath he sworn, that on the sons of grace,
No storms of wrath shall fall, at his right hand:
The RAINBOW of the better covenant,
JESUS, the SURETY stands; he spreads his hands,
His pierced hands; he points to Calvary,
And says, "Remember, Father, how I died,
And shed my blood for sinners." Pleas'd he hears
And listens to the Well-beloved's voice,
For righteousness and peace are sweetly join'd,
And truth and mercy reconcil'd in him.
O may we so remember him, and view,
When rising storms affright us, that dear pledge,
That faithful witness; so by faith behold,
That through the storms of life, the vale of death,

We

We may hold fast our confidence of hope,
And as we journey through this wilderness,
Find him our guide and pilot all the way.
Till Jordan past, to that good land we come,
Which flows with milk and honey, food divine.
The pilgrim's rest is there, his final rest ;
There blooms the tree of life, life without death,
Joy without sorrow, pleasure without pain,
Saints without sin, and Christ without a cross.
There the redeem'd, the ransom'd of the LORD,
Shall freely bask in pleasures all divine:
There they shall prove the heights and depths of grace,
What JESUS purchas'd, and what God can give,
Through countless days, through years of young delight,
Unnumber'd ages, vast eternity.—

But stop, my soul, let thy attentive mind,
Return and dwell upon that wond'rous WORD,
All-gracious and divine, which from the lips
Of thine expiring LORD, broke sweetly forth :
There's music in it, melody more soft,
Than dwells on angels tongues, when fir'd with love
They tune their songs, to praise the great I AM :
O 'tis a word can cheer the drooping heart,
Dispel the gloom of black despair, and lay
The loudest storm, to calmest, sweetest peace,
And turn the darkest night, to brightest, fairest day.

“ 'Tis FINISH'D,” saith thy dying LORD, O hark!
And let sweet echo catch the gentle sound,

And

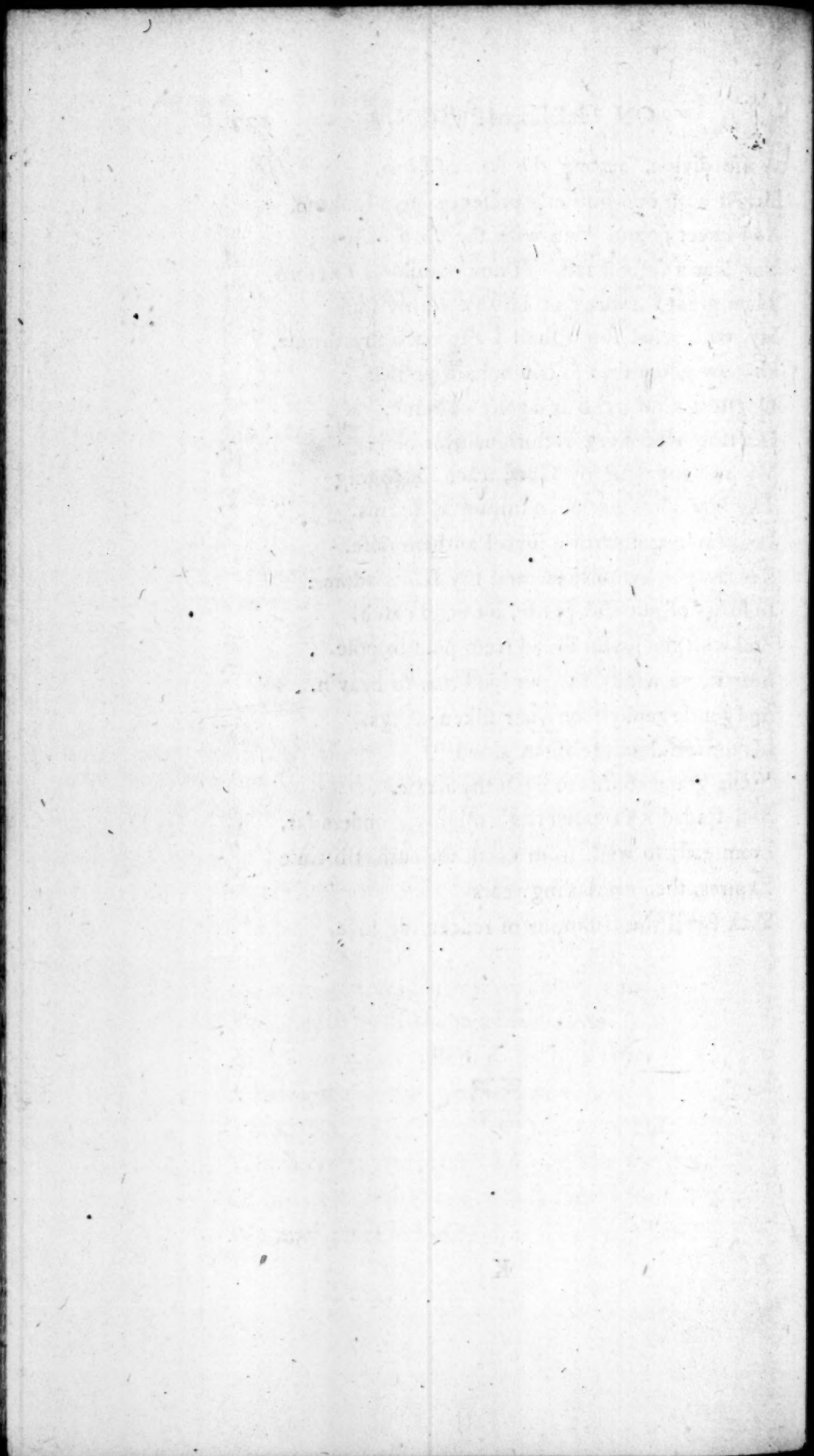
And waft, 'tis FINISH'D! back upon thine ear.
Here, then BELIEVER, on this tree of life
Grows all thine happiness, celestial fruit;
By JESU'S death, the righteous law no more,
Denounces curses on thy ransom'd head;
He died a curse, to take thy curse away,
Cancel thy sins, blot out thy trespasses;
And by the merit of his sacred blood,
Atonement ample, satisfaction full,
Yea more than adequate for all thy crimes,
To JUSTICE infinite bring in and pay.
Thy debt is finish'd then, GOD at his hands,
Hath payment full receiv'd, and asks no more,
But gives thee full acquittance, free discharge.
Rejoice, ye HEAV'NS, and let the EARTH be glad!
While sacred TRUTH declares the joyful sound
Of justice SATISFY'D, of WRATH APPEAS'D,
And SIN FORGIVEN through a SAVIOR'S blood.
Nor only so, but RIGHTEOUSNESS divine,
Eternally complete is now brought in;
Thy Surety's spotless nature, holy life,
Gave such obedience to the righteous law,
As magnify'd and rais'd its honours high,
Beyond addition bright: this glorious robe,
He to thy soul imputes, and lo, well pleas'd,
The FATHER views thee in his best lov'd SON,
And sees thee all complete: he gracious smiles,
And in his hand holds out a starry crown,
To grace thy temples; that celestial bliss,
The righteousness of GOD, demands for thee,
Who in this fine white linen art array'd.

What

What bold accuser now dares bring a charge
Of condemnation? who shall dare condemn
Whom God acquits? 'tis God that justifies,
'Tis the ANOINTED SAVIOR, who redeem'd,
And bought his people with so dear a price,
'Tis he absolves their guilt, and smiles again,
In mild complaisance, reconciliation sweet.
No more can satan urge his cancell'd claim;
His claim from sin arose, that put away,
The awful debt discharg'd, the jailer's pow'r
Ceases of course, the rescu'd prisoner,
The ransom'd debtor may of right demand
Deliverance from his pow'r, from chains and woe,
Sav'd from the horrors of his prison-house,
By grace unfathom'd, mercy all divine.
And here, believer, may thy soul rejoice,
JESUS hath bruis'd the serpent's head, hath crush'd
And spoil'd him of his pow'r, hath snatch'd the prey,
The lawful captive from his dreadful jaws
To crown with full salvation, boundless stores
Of grace on earth, and glory in the skies;
For by thy Surety's death, the gates of heav'n
Are wide expanded to receive thy soul.
No more cherubic fires wave awful round,
To guard the blissful paradise of God,
And thine approach forbid; for lo, a new,
A living wond'rous way is open wide,
Through a Redeemer's side, to all the bliss
Which crowns our better Eden, where the tree,
Of life immortal grows, whose sacred fruit
We may pluck off unchid, and eat, and live

A life divine, among the sons of God,
Bless'd with our Father's presence, joys sublime,
And sweet communion with the God of love;
Nor fear a second fall. Thou matchless FRIEND,
Thou great IMMORTAL LOVER of my soul,
Say, with what songs shall I approach thy throne,
Or how adore thee in triumphant praise?
O THOU who DIED in agony extreme,
O THOU who ROSE victorious over hell;
My SAVIOR and my God, teach me to sing
Thy boundless glories in immortal strains.
Let heav'n and earth a joyful anthem raise,
Let seraphs hymn thee, and thy saints adore:
In songs of grateful praise, let echo catch,
And waft the joyful sound from pole to pole.
Bear it, ye winds, in your loud roar to heav'n,
And gentle zephyrs on your silken wings.
Let universal nature shout aloud
In one grand chorus to exalt thy name,
And spread REDEMPTION's mighty wonders far,
From east, to west, from north to south, till time
Expires, then everlasting years
Shall swell the triumphs of redeeming love.

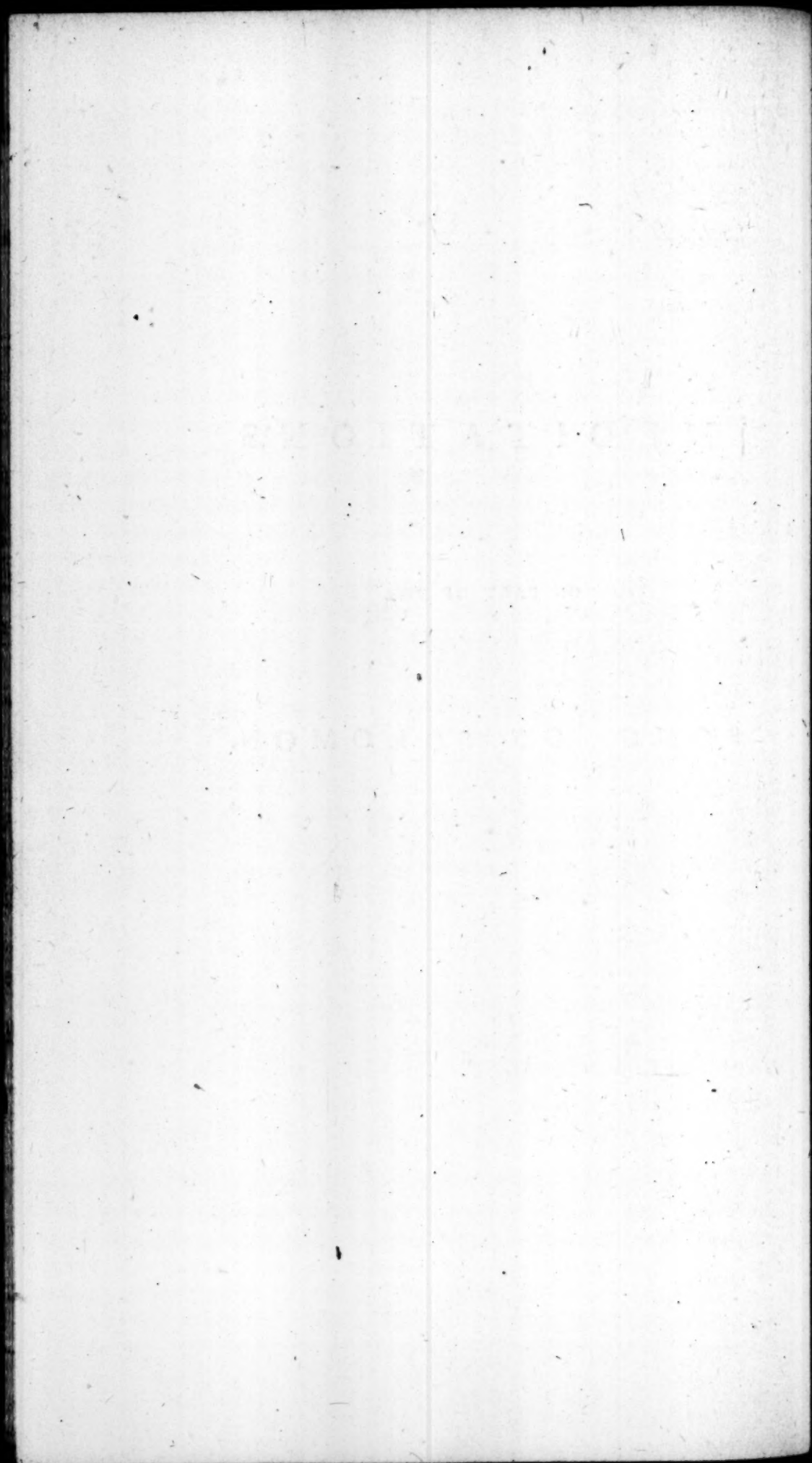




MEDITATIONS

ON PART OF THE

SONG OF SOLOMON.



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MEDITATIONS

ON PART OF THE

SONG OF SOLOMON.

LET him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," *v. 1.*
Thou who art the eternal Jehovah, who art GOD
over all, blessed for ever, whose throne is in the heaven
of heavens, and who yet condescendest to dwell with
the children of men, even in the hearts of thy ransomed
ones: thou SON of MAN, who art the shepherd of
Israel, and the keeper thereof, who having made peace
with the blood of thy cross, art exalted to be the prince
of peace: thy name is WONDERFUL; thou art become
IMMANUEL, GOD with us, and in thee dwelleth all the
fullness of the Godhead bodily: visit me with thy
salvation, O thou, who art the the SAVIOR of sinners;
thou who hast loved me, and given thyself for me;

thou art my heavenly bridegroom ; thou hast purchased me, at the infinite price of thy blood, and betrothed me to thyself in everlasting loving-kindness, in righteousness, faithfulness, and truth ; but I dwell in a howling wilderness, surrounded with dangers, and many discomforts : O lift up the light of thy countenance on me, and bless me with the consolations of thy spirit, for thy love is better than wine : because of the favour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth, thou art the repairer of the breach, thou art the savior of our souls ; thy blood is the precious balm of Gilead, that alone is able to cure all the festering sores of sin : thy righteousness is the robe, in which, being clad, we are found complete ; thy spirit is the oil of gladness, with which thou anointest us ; from thee, thou fountain of all blessedness, flows all the sweet streams of pardon, and peace, reconciliation, justification, sanctification, preservation, and glorification ; therefore is thy name as ointment poured forth, and because of this, do the virgins love thee ; those who see they are complete in thee, rejoice in thee as their salvation, they triumph in a SAVIOR's name : O how sweet is the name of JESUS, when pronounced by his SPIRIT to the soul ; then we cry out, " Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee." But when that blessed SPIRIT withdraws his divine influence, when JESUS turns away his face, we cannot see him, we no longer delight in his name, nor rejoice in his love ; our affections freeze, winter spreads his cold dominion over our hearts, and we find, without him, we can do nothing : draw me, therefore, O thou almighty SAVIOR, with the cords of thy

thy love, and my soul shall run after thee: let thy quickening spirit continually breathe the life of God into my heart, and I shall live to thee.

“I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of JERUSALEM, as the tents of KEDAR, as the CURTAINS of SOLOMON.” What is man, that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? I am vile, born in sin, and conceived in iniquity; I have been drinking up iniquity like water, and am altogether black as hell: my father was an *Amorite*, and my mother an *Hittite*, and therefore had no right to the heavenly Canaan: I was a poor babe cast out, not washed from my guilt and filth, naked and stripped of all; and not only so, but wounded, having fallen among thieves: they had left me more than half dead, in this condition, this lamentable condition: (and yet alas, no eye pitied me) but when JESUS passed by, he saw me, he took compassion on me, and when I was in my guilt, in my sin, and pollution, he bid me LIVE. Be astonished, O my soul, at this wonder of grace, the eternal Three entered into a covenant-engagement to deliver my soul, and in consequence of this, JESUS thoroughly purged away my guilt with his own blood; he covered my nakedness with his own robe; anointed me with the oil of his spirit, and shod me with the preparation of the gospel of peace; he hath fed me with the bread which came down from heaven, and with honey out of the living rock, and he hath pronounced me perfect, through the comeliness which he hath put upon me: he who knew no sin, was made

fin for me, that I who knew no righteousness, might be made the righteousness of God in him.

“I am the rose of Sharon,” says JESUS, “and the lily of the vallies; thou hast redemption through my blood, the forgiveness of thy sins: I am the express image of the invisible God, for I and my Father are one: by me were all things created in heaven and in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, principalities, or powers, all things were created by me, and for me: I am before all things, and by me all things consist; and it pleaseth the Father, that in me should all fulness dwell. I have made thy peace with the blood of my cross; I have loved thee, and laid down my life for thee; as the lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters: I have washed thee and made thee white, I have made thee partaker of my nature, thou art a lily among thorns: all who have not received my grace, are thorns by nature: thou wert so once, but I have changed thy state, and changed thy nature; thou art compleat in me, and I have adorned thee with the graces of my spirit; thou art all fair, I will see no spot in thee.” This is the Savior’s language to his espoused. And what shall I say unto thee, O my King and my God, as the APPLE-TREE among the trees of the wood, so is my *beloved* among the sons: thou art superlatively excellent, my beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand: thou art King of kings, and Lord of lords, infinite in holiness, glory, and majesty: yea, thou art altogether lovely, every thing else is void of goodness, but thou art like a
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green fir-tree, from thee my fruit is found. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem; I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste: We speak the things we do know, what our eyes have seen, and our hands handled of the word of life.

“The voice of my BELOVED,” JESUS speaks, listen, O my soul, to the kind words he pronounces. “I have blotted out as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me for I have redeemed thee, I will heal thy backslidings, I will love thee freely, for mine anger is turned away from thee; I will be as the dew unto Israel, he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.” This is the voice of my beloved, his sheep know it, they follow him: they know not the voice of strangers, therefore they flee from them. The voice of my beloved, behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills over all the mountains of unbelief, over all the hills of corruption, and difficulties: JESUS flies to thy relief, he will not tarry for ever; behold he cometh, he cometh to deliver thee from sin and sorrow: he cometh to give thee a crown of righteousness; he is gone to prepare thee a mansion above, and will come to receive thee in the arms of his love, to wipe away all tears from thy face; to conduct thee to the happy realms
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of light and love, and to present thee to his Father, and thy Father, to his God, and thy God, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: then the day, the perfect day will break: then the shadows shall be all fled away; thou now seeest through a glass darkly, but then thou shalt behold him face to face: now thou art called to walk by faith, then thou shalt live by sight for ever: now thou knowest but in part, but then thou shalt know, even as thou art known; the veil shall be entirely taken from thine eyes, and thou shalt behold the King in his beauty: thou shalt no more know affliction, temptation, nor desertion, for there shall be no night there, the Lamb shall be thy everlasting light; thou shalt behold his face without a cloud, and enjoy the brightness of eternal day. He which testifieth these things, saith, "Surely, I come quickly," Amen, even so, come LORD JESUS.

Tell me, O thou King of saints, thou Lord of life and glory, thou good Shepherd of Israel, who hast laid down thy life for thy sheep, thou whom my soul loveth, O tell me where thou feedest, where thou featest thy children with divine manna, even with the bread which cometh down from heaven, which whosoever eateth shall never die—where are the green pastures to which thou ledest them by the still waters, the rivers of life, which flow at thy right hand for evermore—tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, lead me into the way of peace, lead me into the same pastures; feed my soul with that bread of life, lest the journey be too great for me, and I faint by the way—therefore tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest,

feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon, when the sun of temptation, persecution, and fiery trials, with unremitting fervor, beats on their weak defenceless heads, oppressed and fainting beneath the heat of his unfriendly scorching rays, in the midst of an howling wilderness, whose burning sands afford no shade, no friendly shelter to screen and defend from the heat of the day, and refresh them with its cooling influence, when bowed down by the burthen of sin, and the heavy load of severe affliction—where, O where dost thou make them to rest,—tell me, O thou compassionate friend of sinners, for why should I be as one that turneth aside, why should I wander from the good way? —

“If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids, beside the shepherd’s tent: Stand ye in the way, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”—Thus speaketh the good Shepherd, the great Prophet of Israel: he says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me: seek not from created things, that peace and protection which they cannot afford; miserable comforters are they all! but look unto me, and be ye saved. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Art thou groaning under the burden of sin? look unto me, I have made peace with the blood of my cross: I have made an end of sin, by giving myself a sacrifice for it; I have brought
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in an everlasting righteousness, whereby God can be just, and yet the justifier of such an ungodly sinner as thou art. Look then unto me, behold a Savior lifted up on the pole of the everlasting gospel: fall at the feet of my cross, and thy burden shall fall from thy back, and thou shalt find rest for thy soul; I give thee that peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Art thou fainting beneath the weight of severe afflictions, heavy oppressions, and fiery trials? O look unto me, my beloved, thou fairest among women: thou art following me, bearing my cross; thou art indeed climbing up a steep mountain of difficulties, where thou canst find no refreshment, nothing to support or cheer thy drooping spirit; but underneath thee are my everlasting arms: look unto me, who am the God of all consolation; all thy springs are in me, and out of my fulness, thou shalt receive grace for grace: as thou art suffering with me, thou shalt also reign with me: they that bear my cross, shall wear my crown: behold the tender affection of my heart towards thee; behold the sufficiency of my power to help thee; remember the great and precious promises I have given thee.—I am the faithful witness, I live to fulfil them to thee: as the lasting hills surround Jerusalem, so all the attributes of thy covenant God, are engaged to support and deliver thy soul.—These are some of the green pastures where I feed my sheep with heavenly manna; where they renew their strength, and grow up as the calves of the stall.—Eat and drink, O my friend, abundantly, and let your soul delight itself in fatness: I am that God, who is thine eternal refuge—I am that MAN, who

who is an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Come then, unto me, O thou poor fainting disciple, and put thy trust under the shadow of my wings ; I will refresh thee with the new wine of my kingdom : I have spread a table, even in this desert place, this barren wilderness, where I will feed thee with immortal food ; meet thee, and bless thee with the blessings of my love."

This is the voice of eternal truth, of him like unto whom, never man spake. When he takes me into his banqueting house, when he lifts up the light of his countenance on me, and raises his banner of love over my soul, then the graces of his Spirit, flow into my heart ; are strengthened, and encreased by the smiles of his face : my foes disappear, my sins vanish away, and nothing, nothing appears to my view, but JESUS the SAVIOR, the FRIEND and BELOVED of my soul, my heart dissolves with unutterable delight, and I faint in the embraces of my *crucified* God. Thou art fairer than the children of men, O thou spouse of my soul ; grace is poured into thy lips ; all thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia.—I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the ROES, and by the HINDS of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, till he please. JESUS hath taken up his abode in my heart : he lives and loves, and delights to dwell there. I charge you, O ye sinful inclinations, ye tempestuous corruptions of my nature, be ye still, be ye hush'd, if possible, into eternal silence : disturb not, ye hateful
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intruders, the repose of my LORD ; grieve not his Spirit, nor awake him, till he please. " My Beloved is like a Roe, or a young Hart : behold he standeth behind our wall : " it is our iniquities, those cursed things, which only can separate between us and our GOD. JESUS hath wash'd them away from my soul, in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin ; yet alas, poor silly sheep that I am, my heart is apt to wander from the good Shepherd, run away from his sacred fold, and continually raising walls of separation, which hides from me the comfort of his presence, the compassion of his heart, and robs me of the joy of his salvation : but kind and faithful as he is, he remembers his covenant, he hates putting away : he will not give up his darling to the power of the dog, but tenderly bears with all my ingratitude, with all the various unkind affronts I am continually putting upon him ; and though he is a GOD that hideth himself from the house of Israel, yet he will not go far away : behold, he standeth behind our wall ; be not cast down then, O my soul, as though thy JESUS, thy faithful SAVIOR, had forgotten or forsaken thee ; he is not gone for ever, he is but behind the wall : he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice : wait then upon him in his appointed ways, his gospel ordinances ; they are but narrow lights, it is true, but JESUS the *sun of righteousness*, shews himself through them : he will meet thee, and bless thee in them ; and if thou gettest but a glimpse of his glorious person, if thou seest but the skirt of him whom thy soul loveth, it will sweeten the hours appointed for thy pilgrimage here ; and when they are
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elaps'd, when the tedious glass of life is run, and the last sand spent, thy heavenly bridegroom will receive thee in the arms of his love, where sin and sorrow shall disturb thee no more, for ever : but thou shalt more fully comprehend that infinite love which dwells in the heart of him, whose nature and name is LOVE.

 "O my DOVE," says the SAVIOR, "that art in the clefts of the ROCK, in the secret places of the STAIRS, I call thee a dove, for I have washed thee whiter than snow, though thou hast laid among the pots; I have given thee wings of gold, and adorned thee with the meek graces of my spirit—thou art hid in the clefts of the rock, even in the wounds of thy compassionate Savior, so that no tempestuous wrath, no threatening evil, shall ever come nigh thee; thou art hid in the secret places of the stairs; I am that glorious stupendous ladder, which reacheth from earth to heaven, uniting God and man in my own person: I have hid thee in the hollow of my hand, and will keep thee as the apple of my eye; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely; look unto me, by the faith of the operation of my spirit: call upon me in the time of thy trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me: I delight to hear thy voice, though feebly lisping out the desires of thy soul, or endeavouring to anticipate that which shall be thine eternal employment, even praise and thanksgiving to him who hath loved thee. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes;" watch over thine own heart, O my beloved,

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take heed of those foes, those subtle enemies, who are continually endeavouring to turn thee aside from the narrow way, the way which leadeth unto life; to stop thee in thy race Zionwards, to quench the tender flame of my love which I have kindled in thy soul; to nip the sweet graces of my spirit, which I have planted in thy heart, which shall bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit to my glory: beware of these foxes, these treacherous dealers; take heed of their wiles, lest thou fall into their snares: I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee, yea, I will keep thee by the right hand of my righteousness: all those thine enemies, who will not have me to reign over them, I will bring them out, and slay them for mine own name's sake."

This is thy promise, O my King, and my God! help me to believe, and rely upon it: keep me under the shadow of thy wings, keep me as the apple of thine eye; I am a worm, and in me there is no might, but in the Lord Jehovah, I have righteousness and strength; yea, thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever; my beloved is mine, and I am his, he feedeth among the lilies; he is mine in the bonds of an everlasting covenant; my Husband, my Prophet, my Priest, and my King: his name is called upon me, all that he has is mine, his righteousness, his wisdom, his power and grace, his kingdom and glory, the blessings of the upper and the nether springs; he is all my own, and I am his, his by creation, his by his own eternal choice; he hath bought me with a price, and I am not my own, but the property
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of him, who hath redeemed me with so vast a sum, that Gabriel himself, must fail in computing it, throughout the countless ages of eternity, and with astonishment own it is indeed infinite.—I am his, by another tie, I have surrendered myself into his hand, I have committed my all to my Beloved, knowing he will keep it against that day.—Being bought with a price, I lay myself at his feet, desiring all that I am, and have, to be devoted to that Savior and Friend of my soul, who hath loved me with an everlasting love, who will love me to the end, and be my God, and my guide and salvation, for ever. The LORD's portion is his people, Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He says to his saints, "I am thine inheritance, and portion for ever." He feedeth among the lilies, his throne is in the heaven of heavens; there he walketh among the white robed saints, who are perfectly delivered from the foul stains of sin and corruption; that leprosy shall no more break out in them, the polluted house is broken down; they have weathered the storm, and arrived safe at the haven of eternal rest, and left every care, and every sorrow behind for ever; they are continually in the presence of him, who is their all in all, enjoying the uninterrupted light of his blessed countenance, without a cloud between; they are eternally tuning their harps to his praise; casting their crowns at his feet, filled with all that extatic blessedness which beatified spirits are capable of, in those happy realms of light and love, and ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb, for ever.

But this condescending Jesus, this Beloved of my soul, not only displays the bright beams of his glory,

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to those who have already taken possession of their heavenly inheritance, but he also walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, his church, which is yet passing through the wilderness; he feedeth among the lilies; he watches over and keeps her from the jaws of her enemies; he refreshes her, and comforts her drooping spirits when she is weary and faint, because of the way; he sometimes visits her with a sweet foretaste of those inexpressible, inconceivable blessings he has prepared for her future, her everlasting consolation, and every moment his eye is upon her for good. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn my BELOVED, and be thou like a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether"—until the day break, that eternal glorious day which shall never set in night; that day, when King JESUS shall appear in his glory, not as he appeared at BETHLEHEM a meek and lowly babe; not as he appeared in GETHSEMANE, or on the mount of CRUCIFIXION, a MAN of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, but as the eternal JEHOVAH, the EVERLASTING God, in all his essential Majesty and native splendour; a jealous God, taking vengeance on all that obey not his gospel, and love not his name. But rejoice, O my soul, he will appear as thy SAVIOR, thy sacrifice, and friend; he will shine forth in all his mediatorial glory, as the LORD our righteousness:—Then shall the heavens and the earth flee away; I shall meet my BELOVED, my ESPOUSED, in the air, and be for ever with the LORD: until this day break, and the shadows of time flee away, turn, my BELOVED, and lift up the light of thy countenance on me; listen to the ceaseless moanings of thy plaintive turtle dove; come over the rock
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and rising grounds of all my unworthiness, and all my enemies, and be thou like a young hart, upon the Mountains of Bether.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away: rise up from the death of sin, to the life of faith and righteousness; for I have loved thee, I have made thee fair in the comeliness that I have put upon thee. Come away, come away, from sin and Satan; come away, come away from the world and its delusive vanities; let thine affections soar up to thy SAVIOR, who hath given himself for thee: for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, all the storm was poured out on thy surety's head; his locks were wet with the dews of the night, that thou might be blessed with the smiles of the sun of righteousness. The winter is past, the vernal season appears, the flowers spring, the fruits ripen, and the voice of the turtle, charms the listening ear; arise, my love, arise my redeemed fair one, and come away".

"By night on my bed, I sought HIM whom my soul loveth, I sought him, but I found him not;" the Sun of righteousness, who was wont to shine upon my soul, and gild my happy hours with the blessings of peace, withdrew his divine and comfortable influence;—that precious JESUS, in whose favour is life; whose presence filled my soul with heavenly day: In order to teach me that divine lesson, resignation to his will; in order to bring me to his feet, as he did Abraham of old, he turned away the sweet shinings of his face from his

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beloved, and suffered me to walk in the shadows of the night, without the directing light, without the reviving warmth of his blessed Spirit; he drew a veil, a cloud of thick darkness over his creation in my heart, and having lost the quickening influence of him, who only can keep my soul awake, velvet-shod MORPHEUS shook his poppies over me, and forgetful of my SAVIOR, forgetful of myself, I insensibly sunk into the arms of spirital slumber; but JESUS stood by, he beheld me stretched out on the bed of security, and kindly awaked me from that sinful sleep, that lethargic condition in which my soul was plunged. On my bed I sought him, him whom my soul loveth, for JESUS was still the delight of my heart; having drank of his spirit: having tasted of his love, nothing but the presence of my eternal, unchangable immortal lover, can satisfy the vast desires of my soul, which aspires after the blissful enjoyment of GOD, even my GOD, for ever: I sought him, but I found him not; I looked for him, but I could not see him; I searched my heart, but he was not there; he had withdrawn from that temple where he delighted to dwell: and who shall shew me any good? lift thou up the light of thy countenance on me; I have slumbered and slept by the way, and my beloved is gone; where shall I find him? where shall I seek him? I will rise from this fatal, drowsy state, which has grieved my Beloved, and caused my LORD to turn away in displeasure. I will arise *now*, I cannot, I must not delay, but while it is called to day, will seek after him, in whose favour is life, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore; I will arise *now*,
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and go about the city; in the streets, and in the broad ways, I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. JESUS the only wise GOD our SAVIOR, uttereth his voice in the streets, he crieth in the chief places of concourse, in the opening of the gates in the city he uttereth his words; thither I make my resort, hoping to find my BELOVED, to hear his well known voice; to behold his august adorable person, as coming from Bozrah with his garments dyed in blood, travelling in the greatness of his strength; him that speaketh in righteousness, mighty to save:— I sought him, but I found him not; his ways and ordinances, though some times delightful, are now but dry breasts, and barren wombs, because I cannot find my SAVIOR in them. By the rivers of Babylon, now I sit down, I hang my harp upon the willows, and cry out in my haste, “My LORD hath forsaken me, my GOD hath forgotten to be gracious.” The watchmen that go about the city found me; to whom I said, “Saw ye HIM, whom my soul loveth?” JESUS hath appointed watchmen, who go about his ZION, telling the bulwarks thereof, who instant in season, and out of season, proclaim to the citizens of Jerusalem, “Thy GOD reigneth:” they saw my distress, they beheld the anxiety of my heart, I enquired of them, “Have ye seen my LORD? saw ye him whom my soul loveth? know ye which way he went, or where he takes up his abode? Tell me, O ye favoured embassadors, ye messengers of peace, that I may fly on the wings of the wind, and fall at his feet again; it was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth.”

When JESUS, by the secret influence of his spirit, convinced me that his servants were not able to help me, could not bring me to him after whom I was seeking, nor afford me that consolation I vainly expected from them, but gave me to look to the everlasting hills, from whence cometh salvation, and from heart-felt experience to say, "My expectation is from thee, O LORD, I found him whom my soul loveth." JESUS the SAVIOR and FRIEND of my soul, again whispered peace to his disconsolate bride; again he returned to his throne in my heart, dispersing my fears, subduing my foes, and giving me to exult in the favour of HIM, who is the joy of angels, the glory of saints, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: I held him and would not let him go, tasting again the sweet sense of his love, I clung to his arms by the power of faith; THOU art my supreme and only good; O bind me, my BELOVED, by the sweet bands of thy love, to the horns of the altar, the precious wounds of my SAVIOR; that I may never depart from thy feet, never lose sight of that dear IMMANUEL, who is exalted as a PRINCE and SAVIOR, to bless me with the blessings of an everlasting covenant; in whom all my happiness centers, in whom all my treasures are eternally laid up: thou art my BELOVED, and thou art my FRIEND; whom have I in heaven but THEE, there is none upon earth I would desire in comparison of thee. I charge you, O ye DAUGHTERS of JERUSALEM, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my LOVE, till he please: let nothing disturb the repose my LORD, he rests in my arms, he abides in my heart.

heart. I charge you, O ye indwellers there ; I charge you that are round about me, that ye offend not my SAVIOR, that ye grieve not his spirit, nor cause him again to depart in displeasure.

“ Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoak, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant ? ” Who is this that having been long imprisoned in the dreary confines of an howling wilderness, now abideth no longer in the tents of Kedar, but travelleth towards Zion, the city of the living God, like pillars of smoak perfumed with myrrh ? she is black, she is polluted with sin, a smoaking brand, plucked out of the fire, yet she is adorned out of the treasures of heaven, with fine linen, white and clean ; yea, her garment is of wrought gold ; her smell is as the smell of a field, well watered by the SPIRIT from above. JESUS enquires, “ Doth he not know ? ” yes, he declares, she is his spouse, his well-beloved, the very delight of his soul : he says of her, “ Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair, thou hast dove’s eyes : I have *washed* thee, I have *cloathed* thee, I have *sanctified* thee ; “ thou hast dove’s eyes within thy locks ; thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from Mount Gilead ; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing, whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them : thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely, thy temples are like a piece of a pomgranate within thy locks ; thy neck is like the tower of David, built for an armory,

whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men—thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feedeth among the lilies: until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh; and to the hill of frankincense: I will come unto thee, my BELOVED, and abide in thine heart for ever; I will visit thee with the sweet visitations of my grace and favour, till the bright day of eternity break; till every dark intervening cloud disappear, and the shadows of night are dispersed for ever; for thou art fairer and sweeter in thy SAVIOR's esteem, than whole mountains of spices, or groves of myrrh; yea, thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me, from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir, and Hermon, from the lion's den, from the mountains of the leopards. Come my BELOVED, with thy SAVIOR and KING, who hath loved thee, and betrothed thee to himself, in an everlasting covenant; O come with me, my beloved, from Lebanon, look from the things which are seen, and are temporal, to the things which though unseen, are of eternal duration, and infinite: look from the deceitful pleasures and deluding vanities of time, to the heavenly Jerusalem, the habitation of my holiness, the place where my honour dwelleth; where flows the water of life, and where that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, blooms for ever; look from the lions dens, the mountains of the leopards: thy spiritual enemies are numerous and various, they rage and roar, threatening to devour thee; but look not to their power, their strength, or their might, lest thou faint
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under a sense of thy own weakness, and forget thy almighty Savior, who is engaged to deliver thee, whose everlasting arms are underneath thee, who goeth before thee, and is thy rereward, and as a wall of fire round about thee: thine enemies shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail, for I am with thee to save thee, and to deliver thee, saith the LORD, and I will deliver thee out of the hand of the wicked, and I will redeem thee out of the hand of the terrible, thou shalt not be ashamed, nor confounded world without end."

"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates:"—I am the careful husbandman, I am the watchful gardener; I water thee with the waterings of my spirit, the gentle showers of my reviving grace, the soft and sweet dew of my blessing; I have planted my graces in thy heart, and will cause them to grow, to bud, blossom, and bring forth fruit, to the praise of the glory of my free grace; I will root up the weeds, and prune thy branches, and cut off whatever is not of my right-hand planting, and make thee to prosper as the garden of the Lord, even as Eden, my antient delight: thou art inclosed in the arms of my LOVE, I have fenced thee about with walls of SALVATION, this is a hedge no robber can break through, no beast of prey demolish, no subtle enemy undermine; it is built on a sure FOUNDATION, a TRIED STONE, a PRECIOUS CORNER STONE, it is firm as the rock of everlasting ages, and shall endure to the days of eternity."

"Awake

“Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.—Fragrant and sweet as thou art my BE-LOVED, in the graces and precious things with which I have adorned thee, unless thou art continually watered by the showers from above, every moment refreshed by the quickening power of my spirit, thou wouldst fade as the leaf, and wither as the rose, and sink into the cold benumbing arms of spiritual death, forgetful of thy SAVIOUR, thyself, and thy home. Come then, my eternal, co-equal, co-essential SPIRIT, breathe on my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out, breathe on my beloved with all thy cheering influence, quicken her faith, confirm her hope, inflame her soul with my pure, my holy love, increase in her soul, that deep humiliation and self-abhorrence, which shall lay her in the dust at my feet; shed thy divinest rays on the beloved of my soul, and as I have cloathed her in wrought gold, and given her raiment of fine needle-work, do thou take of that grace which is treasured up in my fulness, adorn her, and make her all glorious within.”

“Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. — Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits;” I am thine, O thou SAVIOUR of sinners; my blessed and adorable JEHOVAH JESUS, thine in the sweet bonds of an everlasting covenant: thou hast bought me with a price,

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and I am still thy own, I am thy new creation, thy garden of delights: let my BELOVED come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits: come into my soul O my King and my God, set up thy throne in my heart, there reign with the golden sceptre of love, Lord of my soul without a rival: thou hast adorned me with the graces of thy spirit, the peaceable fruits of thy righteousness; Lord, I lay them all at thy feet, thine they are and not my own; take the glory, take the everlasting praise, as all the work is thine, be thine the honour, for thou workest all our good works in us. O Lord, take up thine abode in my heart; O my BELOVED, and create it anew by thy power, that I may know thee, and the power of thy resurrection.

“ I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse, I have gathered my myrrh with my spice, I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey, I have drank my wine with my milk; eat O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved:” I have taken up my abode in thy heart, O thou fairest among women, I have made it the palace where I delight to dwell, even an habitation of GOD, through the spirit, having washed thee in my blood, and made thee white in the fountain I have opened for sin and uncleanness; having accepted thee in the righteousness I have wrought out for thee; I have smelled the sweet savour of those precious graces, with which I have perfumed thy soul: they are pleasant to my eye, and sweet in my nostrils, I have feasted with thee, my beloved, in the secret chambers; I have delighted in thee, from the days of eternity; I am that
bread

bread of life, that heavenly manna which came down from above, for the life of thy soul : feed on me, O my sister, my spouse ; drink of the water of life, which I freely bestow : whosoever drinketh of those living streams, shall never thirst again, they shall spring up in thy heart, as a well of water, unto eternal life. Eat O my friend, drink, yea, drink abundantly : O beloved, receive out of my fulness, grace upon grace ; be not content with a little, just to keep thee from starving, but abundantly receive from my infinite treasure, that grace which shall make thee strong in the LORD, and in the power of his might, that thou mayest mount heavenwards, as on eagles wings ; run with divine alacrity, thy heavenly race, be more than conqueror over all thy foes, and be filled with all the fulness of God : plenteous grace is laid up in thy SAVIOR, I give it freely to them that need.—O come unto me, my FRIEND, my BELOVED, look unto me by an eye of faith, and I will pour into thy empty vessel, the blessings of peace, the sweet treasures of my love, and all the good things which were given thee in that covenant of peace, which is steadfast as the throne of God, settled in all things, and sure : I came into the world not for my own sake, but thine, O believer, that thou mightest have life, and that more abundantly.”

I sleep, but my heart waketh, it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, “Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled ; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.”

I sleep, alas, sinful slumber hath taken hold of my soul, my drowsy powers relax, a heavy weight hangs upon my eyes, so that I cannot behold the sun of righteousness; presses me down to the cold regions of earth, so that I grovel as a worm thereof: my chariot wheels are taken off which used to be as the chariots of Amminadab, so that I go slowly, heavily, mournfully on: I lag, and faint, and tire amid the heavenly road, and freeze in the benumbing chains of cold and barren winter. I sleep, but my heart waketh; still, O my blessed and adorable JESUS, there is somewhat in my soul, which panteth after thee; that living, inward principle, which thou hast imparted, a blessed spark of thine eternal flame, though covered with ashes, though surrounded with death, still it remains, still it lives and glows, though with faint and feeble desires, after a Savior, after Him whom my soul loveth.—I sleep, but my heart waketh: who is this that disturbs my slumbers with repeated knockings? 'tis the voice of my Beloved, 'tis the voice of my Friend, of that ever faithful compassionate JESUS, who hath betrothed me to himself in everlasting loving-kindness, in the bonds of a covenant which cannot be broken, although I have ungratefully strayed from his bosom, where only peace and rest is to be found—tho' I have forsaken him, the fountain of living waters, and hewn out to myself cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold none of the water of life, yet behold he standeth at the door and knocketh: he dealeth not with me as with one who hath broken wedlock, and shed blood: He cometh not in thunders to alarm my soul, but gently knocketh at the door of my heart saying, "Open to me,

me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; though thou hast wandered from me, yet thou art still my own; I have loved thee with an everlasting love: thou art still my Beloved and the delight of my soul: thou art my undefiled one, though thou hast again and again made thy garments filthy, and been weary of me thine eternal Lover; thou hast not brought me the small cattle of thy burnt-offerings, neither hast thou honoured me with thy sacrifices. I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense: thou hast brought me no sweet cane for money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices, but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities; yet I, even I, am he, that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.—O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me, I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto me for I have redeemed thee.—”

“Open to me, O my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew, my locks with the drops of the night:—behold ME, who have laid the foundations of the earth, and stretched the line upon it, who bringeth forth Mazeroth in his season, and guidest Arcturus with his sons—behold me, bowed beneath the heavy load of thy iniquities, in the melancholy groves of shady Gethsemane, amid all the damp vapours of the night; and (be amazed at the thought) *vindictive justice* pouring floods of tempestuous, stormy wrath upon my head:—JUSTICE stood forth and cried, Where’s the sinner?”

sinner? where's the rebel, who hath broken my laws, and brought dishonour on the name of infinite Deity? and I, thy FRIEND, thy SURETY, thy SAVIOR interposed—I who knew no sin, was made sin for thee; I was wounded for thy transgressions, I was bruised for thine iniquities, the chastisement of thy peace was upon me, and with my stripes thou art healed. I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of God's wrath: he hath bent his bow, and set me as the mark for the arrow; he hath caused the arrow of his quiver to enter into my reins; I was poured out like water, and all my bones were out of joint; my heart was like wax, my strength was dried up like a potsherd; my tongue clave to my mouth, and he brought me into the dust of death: is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrows like unto my sorrow, wherewith the LORD hath afflicted me, in the day of his fierce anger; my soul hath it still in remembrance: with this great sacrifice of myself, I reconciled God to thee: with the blood of my cross, I made thy everlasting peace; wrath hath forsook the throne, and grace, love, and mercy, reign for ever, mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other: therefore open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

"My BELOVED put in his hand, by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him:" JESUS accompanied his word to my heart, by the power of his

his SPIRIT, and my affections ran out, after the LORD of my soul. "I opened to my BELOVED, but my BELOVED had withdrawn himself, and was gone, my soul failed when he spake: I sought him but I could not find him, I called him, but he gave me no answer." The BELOVED, the delight of my soul was retired from my view; alas, I could not behold the light of his countenance, the joy of his salvation: I sought him, but I found him not: I called him, but he gave me no answer." Where art thou, my BELOVED, my SAVIOR, my SPOUSE? hast thou cast me off for ever? wilt thou no more be gracious? O LORD GOD of my salvation, I cry day and night before thee, for my soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave; thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps: mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction. LORD, I call daily unto thee; I stretch out my hands unto thee; why casteth thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me? O GOD, my soul is cast down within me; deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly: I go mourning all the day long, for my loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh: I am feeble and sore broken; I have roared, because of the disquietness in my heart. LORD, all my desires are before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee; my heart panteth, my strength faileth me; as for the light of mine eye, it also is gone from me; Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her, yet the LORD is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandments; behold

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O LORD, for I am in distress, my bowels are troubled, my heart is turned within me, for I have grievously rebelled.

"I called, but he gave me no answer, the watchmen that go about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me." The ministers of JESUS beheld my distress, but they afforded me no consolation: they applied no healing balsom to soften the corroding anguish, and alleviate the sorrow of my soul, but treated me with harsh and severe reproaches, and bitter words, which like so many daggers, pierced my heart, encreased my distraction, and almost sunk me into the black gulph of despair: To whom shall I look? I have grieved my LORD, and he hath turned away in displeasure; he shutteth his ears against my prayers; where shall I go to find my BELOVED, the CONSOLATION of Israel, and DESIRE of nations. "I charge you, O DAUGHTERS of JERUSALEM (ye who like me, are seeking a SAVIOR) if JESUS favours you with the light of his countenance, if he takes you into the arms of his love, O remember, remember me, think upon me his forlorn bride; tell him, O tell him I am sick of love; tell him the desire of my heart is towards him; tell him I faint because he is absent, and let him not rest till he return and blest me."

"What is thy Beloved, more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge

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us?" "My BELOVED is white and ruddy; the chiefest among ten thousand;" he is the eternal and almighty God, whose goings forth have been from everlasting: the LORD, the LORD God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth: before his throne, the bright armies of heaven veil their faces, and cease not day and night saying, "Holy, holy, holy LORD God Almighty,"—fountain of light, of life, and love, possessing the essential perfection of every good. HE is the MAN, the exalted MAN, whom saints unseen adore: he cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosrah, glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength: he goeth from conquering to conquer, mounted on his white horse, and in his chariots of salvation: he is FAITHFUL and TRUE, and in righteousness he doth judge, and make war; his eyes are a flame of fire, and on his head are many crowns; he is cloathed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the WORD OF GOD: the armies of heaven follow him, and out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it, he should smite the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God; he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS; he is the LION of the tribe of JUDAH, which has prevailed: from the prey he is gone up? He stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion, who shall rouse him up? He is not only thus awful in majesty, glorious in holiness, but he is also that meek and lowly LAMB, which God hath

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appointed for a burnt-offering, a great and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of his people; he offered up himself on that great altar, which sanctifieth the gift, and now he appears in the midst of the throne as a lamb newly slain; he is a great High-priest, for ever, after the order of MELCHISEDEC, such an High-priest as becometh us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; who not by the blood of goats, or calves, but by his own blood, he once entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us, and by one offering, for ever perfected them that are sanctified; he is the mediator of the new testament, the great peace-maker between God and man: that blessed days-man who layeth his hand upon both parties, and hath found out a way by which God can be just, and yet justify sinners believing in JESUS. He is the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE; the way by which God can receive into his favour rebels who have sinned and transgressed against him;—the way by which sinners can come into the presence of JEHOVAH, as to their reconciled, forgiving covenant God; and by the power of his Spirit, in the language of faith, call him, Abba, Father—the way by which they receive every covenant blessing in time, and by which they have abundant entrance administered to them, into the kingdom of their Beloved, the heavenly Canaan, the new Jerusalem, the city of the living God, whose gates shall not be shut at all by day, and there is no night there, but the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. He is the TRUTH, that is his name; he is the faithful witness, God that cannot lie; the fountain of LIFE, the author

and giver of eternal life to his people: because he liveth, they shall live also; he is their **ADVOCATE** in the court of heaven; he is one with the Father, and he ever lives to plead their cause; he thoroughly understands the law; he well knows all their malicious accusers, and is capable to answer all their allegations, and triumphantly bring off that poor sinner, who commits his cause, though a bad one, into his hands. Satan says, That soul hath sinned, shall it live? thou hast said, the soul that sinneth it shall die; canst thou be just, O **GOD**, and not execute this sentence? but **JESUS**, our adorable advocate is by; he says, "It is true, that soul hath sinned, but I have died. Father, behold my hands, my feet, my side: Why was I crowned with thorns on Calvary? Why was I crushed beneath the weight of thy wrath? was it not for that soul that it might not perish? all its iniquities thou hast laid upon me; I have made my soul an offering for it's sins; thy justice is satisfied, I have paid his debt — thy law is magnified, I have made it honourable, thou art a just **GOD**, therefore pardon and justify that sinner; I have bought him at the price of my blood; I have taken away his filthy garments, and cloathed him with change of raiment. Father I will that he whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that he may behold my glory: the **LORD** rebuke thee satan, even the **LORD** that has chosen Jerusalem, rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Thus satan is disappointed, thus the sinner is saved, and **GOD** for ever glorified in the son of his love, whose name is called **WONDERFUL**, **COUNCELLOR**, the **EVERLASTING FATHER**, and the **PRINCE OF PEACE**. He is **JESUS**, a **SAVIOR**! no name so sweet to the ears of a sensible sinner; a name which

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can bring peace to the distressed conscience, and lay every storm of guilt in the delightful repose of calm serenity: though we are continually wandering from thy fold like lost sheep, still thy name is called JESUS; thou art an everlasting SAVIOR: this is my BELOVED, and this is my FRIEND: O ye daughters of Jerusalem, is he not the ALTOGETHER LOVELY?

“Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?” since he is this all-glorious SAVIOR, this adorable superlatively excellent person, tell us, O thou his beloved and bride, whither he is turned aside? where he takes up his abode? that we may seek him with thee, that we may inquire after the knowledge of him, whom to know is life eternal; that we may partake of his saving benefits, receive out of his abundant fulness, and share those rich blessings he so freely bestows.

“My BELOVED is gone down into his garden to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies; GOD is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet; he is ascended into the heaven of heavens, leading captivity captive, having received gifts for sinners, even for the rebellious; he is entered into the holy place, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high: there he reigneth, there he walketh among his saints in light. Those trees of righteousness, who are like green olives, and full of sap, of his own right hand planting, whose pleasant fruits are sweeter than camphire, with trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices: there he

unfolds the bright beams of his glory, and displays the sweet smiles of his face ; yet he bows his ears to the cry of his BELOVED, who hath not yet arrived at that glorious haven of eternal rest, but is still like a ship in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, and contrary winds ; he is the pilot: he setteth at the helm, and will steer her safe to the good port, the heavenly harbour where she would be. O that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men : my BELOVED is MINE, and I AM HIS, he feedeth among the lilies.

“ Who is she that looketh forth as the MORNING, fair as the MOON, clear as the SUN, and terrible as an ARMY with banners ? ” who but the BELOVED, the SPOUSE, of JESUS, in whose heart the sun of righteousness is beginning to rise ; her light, her excellency and beauty shineth not forth at once, but when the day-spring from on high hath visited her soul, she shineth brighter and brighter, to the perfect day, going from strength to strength, and from glory to glory, till she appear before the God of gods in Zion : she is fair as the moon, for as that receives all its splendour from the sun, so Zion the perfection of beauty, receives all her loveliness from the fulness of JESUS ; and being filled with his grace, shines with bright celestial lustre, in the midst of a dark benighted world : but tho’ she is bright, adorned with silver rays, she is not altogether a fair orb of light ; many, too many dark spots of sin abide in her heart, and appear in her conversation, yet though fair as the MOON, she is clear as the SUN,
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without spot or blemish, or any such thing, being complete in JESUS, made white in the blood of her Beloved, and cloathed in the spotless robe of his everlasting, glorious righteousness; she is as blameless, as sinless, as perfectly righteous, as the great GOD-MAN, IMMANUEL, the beloved of GOD, in whom his soul delighteth, and in whom he is eternally well pleased, who hath declared that satan had no part in him. This her glory is for ever the same, it neither waxeth nor waineth, nor is subject to change, but endures to the days of eternity, unsullied, undiminished, brighter than the angels of light, those fair sons of the morning; she is terrible as an army with banners, standing with her loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and having above all, the shield of faith, which is able to quench all the fiery darts of the devil: on her head, the helmet of salvation; in her hand, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of GOD, praying always, with all prayer and supplication. Thus armed and prepared for the battle, she follows the great Captain of salvation, to a sure and certain victory; she wrestles not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, but looking to JESUS her strong deliverer, having on the whole armour of GOD, she fights the good fight of faith, and is more than conqueror, through him who hath loved her; she is terrible as an army with banners; her enemies fall before her, for he that is the mighty GOD of Jacob, hath promised

no weapon formed against thee shall prosper; he saith, "Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness; behold all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded, they shall be as nothing, and they that strive with thee shall perish; thou shalt seek them, and shall not find them, even them that contended with thee; they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought; for I the LORD thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, "Fear not, I will help thee, fear not, thou worm Jacob," saith the LORD, "and thy Redeemer, the holy one of Israel: behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shall make the hills as chaff; thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them; for all things are possible to him that believeth; and thou shalt rejoice in the LORD, and shalt glory in the holy one of Israel,"

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes; O prince's daughter," thou hast dipped thy foot in oil: thy shoes are iron and brags; yea, I have shod thee with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Says JESUS, the SAVIOR and FRIEND of his church, "It was impossible for thee to walk with me in a state of nature, because it is enmity against me: can two walk together, unless they are agreed? but I have not only slain that enmity
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by the blood of my cross, but have subdued the power of it in thy heart, bringing home to thy soul, that gospel of peace which publisheth salvation, which declares I am reconciled unto thee, by the sacrifice of myself; having communicated to thy heart my gospel grace, thou art not only able to walk, but run in the ways of my commandments: the dreary waste, through which thou art travelling, abounds with burning sands, rough and uneven places, rugged ways, sufficient to turn thy naked feet out of the way, and to thrust thee down into the bottomless pit of inexpressible perdition; but I have given thee for shoes, the gospel of peace, in which thou shalt tread on the necks of thine enemies; before it, the rough places shall all become smooth, and every mountain become a plain; safely may'st thou travel through an enemy's land, till thou arrivest on IMMANUEL's ground; it is an everlasting SALVATION, shoes that will never wear out."

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree, there thy mother brought thee forth, there she brought thee forth that bare thee."—O my beloved, thou that art journeying from time to eternity, that art flying from Babylon the city of destruction, to that good land overflowing with wine and oil, even the heavenly Jerusalem, the Mount Sion, the city of the living God: thou art not come to Mount Sina, that burned with fire, and unto blackness and darkness and tempest, but thou art come to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; to the spirits
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of just men made perfect, and to JESUS the mediator of the new and better covenant, to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel, that cried from the earth for vengeance; this speaketh peace to the distressed conscience burdened with guilt, afflicted with a sense of sin. Thou art coming up from a desert place, barren of every good thing; a waste howling wilderness, full of evils, surrounded with enemies: thou art weak and void of strength, in thee is no might at all, but thou leanest on thy BELOVED, on him that is mighty to save: fear not then, thou worm Jacob, but still repose on thy SAVIOR's bosom; cast all thy fears, thy cares and burdens upon me: repose thy confidence in my faithfulness, willingness and ability to save: depend on my word which endureth for ever; remember my covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, and standeth eternally fast.—Look unto me, and be ye saved, O thou BELOVED of my soul, for I am the mighty GOD of Jacob, thy strong Deliverer, thy Almighty Friend: I raised thee up from that state of spiritual death in which thou wert by nature immersed; I saw thee in that iniquity wherein thou wert born; that state of darkness, blindness and total depravity; a slave to thy own deceitful heart, led captive by the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.—I saw thee, I beheld thee in this forlorn, detestable, wretched condition: I set my love upon thee from the days of eternity; I looked and there was none to help, and I wondered there was none to uphold; therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; the angel of my presence

sence saved thee ; in my love and in my pity, I redeemed thee and raised thee up in my own appointed time, from the death of sin to a life of righteousness : with a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm, exalting my throne in thine heart, my purchased possession—set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm : thou art graven upon my heart, and upon the palms of my hands : O set me as a seal upon thine, for love is strong as death ; yea, my love to thy soul is stronger than death, it hath combated with and overcome that tyrant ; it has drawn his sting, and broke his dart : My love is higher than heaven, and deeper than hell, it is from everlasting and to everlasting ; it hath looked over all difficulties, and esteemed them light, that it might redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies, of those that hated and were sworn to destroy thee, for the joy that was set before me, even of saving thy soul from death, of rescuing thee out of the jaws of hell, I despised the shame and endured the cross, and am now set down in my heavenly kingdom, expecting to see of the travail of my soul, to divide the spoil with the strong, and be abundantly satisfied with the reward of my labour : My love then is stronger than death, my jealousy is cruel as the grave ; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame.” I am a jealous God, I will not endure a rival in thy heart ; I will not divide and give my glory to another : I will not be satisfied with a divided heart : I must have all or none.

Behold

Behold, my BELOVED, what I have done; behold my BELOVED, how I have loved thee; how I have suffered and bled for thy sins: I have betrothed thee to myself in everlasting loving-kindness, in righteousness, faithfulness and truth. Canst thou, O canst thou forget thy Savior; him who hath been a Husband unto thee, and place thine affections on any thing else? I know thou canst, thy heart is fickle, light and inconstant as the waves of the sea; but I will not have it so: I am a jealous God, I will hide the light of my countenance from thee; I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that thou shalt not find thy paths: Though thou go after many lovers, thou shalt not overtake them, for they would lead thee to the pit of destruction: though thou dost run away from me, thy Friend and Savior, yet my goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life, and bring thee back to my feet, though with broken bones and an aching heart; for thou shalt find it a bitter thing to depart from the LORD thy God; yet I will allure thee and bring thee into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto thee; for how shall I give thee up Ephraim, how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? my heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together: I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim, for I am God and not man, the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

Many

“Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;” so vast, so strong, so immense is my love to thee, ungrateful, unkind, and prone to backslide as thou art, that neither earth nor hell can decrease or quench it; not all the affronts thy foolish heart is continually putting upon it, can prevent its infolding thee still in its everlasting arms: not all the floods of thine iniquities, which wave after wave are continually arising, can put a damp on that bright eternal flame, which burns, and shall burn for ever; it shall never go out, it shall never decay, but uninterruptedly continues the same: in thy joy, in thy sorrow, in thy life and death, during the utmost period of time, and throughout the infinite space of an ever advancing, never ending eternity; when thou shalt be swallowed up in that vast ocean of love divine which knows no bounds, which knows no shore, and shall be able to comprehend what is the breadth and length, the depth and height of that love of CHRIST which passeth knowledge; being filled with all the fulness of God; for I am love, my nature and my name is Love.”—

“Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it,” thou King of saints, and Lord of life and glory; thou good Shepherd of Israel, the Keeper thereof, who never slumbers, never sleeps; whose watchful eyes are continually upon me for good—Thou that dwellest in the gardens, those blissful seats of everlasting peace, where spotless purity and perfect love for ever reigns: those upper chambers,
those.

those heavenly mansions, where the cherubic legions bow before thee, and all the dazzling choirs of seraphims unite to chaunt thine everlasting praise—where all the white robed saints, my elder brethren, receive that crown, that palm of victory which thou hast purchased, which thou hast promised in that copy of the heavenly records which thou hast handed down to earth: they listen to thy voice with delight; it fills their souls with extatic transport, for the heaven of heavens is communion with thee; thou dwellest also in thy garden below, even in the hearts of thy ransomed ones: there thou walkest, there thou takest up thine abode. O cause me to hear thy voice, unstop my deaf ears, that I may hear the voice of JESUS my Beloved, speaking in his word, speaking to my soul by the secret influence of his eternal SPIRIT, saying “I have loved thee, I have laid down my life for thee: I am given for the covenant of the people. This is the way walk ye in it.” Incline my ears, incline my heart, O thou GOD of grace, to listen with the most divine attention to the soft gentle whisper of my SAVIOR’s voice, that I may fall at thy feet in the obedience of faith, filled with wonder, love and praise, till time shall be exchanged for eternity, earth for heaven, and all the anxieties of this valley of tears, for the full fruition of eternal blessedness; when I shall put off this polluted garment of mortality, and be conveyed on the wings of ministering spirits to the bosom of my GOD, leaving my sins, sorrows and fears, behind for ever,—

O then make haste, my BELOVED, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of

spices:

spices : why are thy chariot wheels so long a coming ? make no long tarrying, O my God, but quickly bow thine heavens and come down ; speed away the moments on their swiftest wings, and hasten that blessed, that delightful period, when the great angel of the covenant, who standeth on the earth and on the sea, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no longer.

How long wilt thou delay, O thou SAVIOR of sinners ? how long shall thy forlorn bride mourn in the wilderness ? Rise, O thou bright eternal Sun of Righteousness ; disperse the dark shadows of night, and hasten the dawning of that eternal day, when the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, the earth depart for ever, when thy redeemed shall lift up their heads with joy, knowing their complete redemption draweth nigh ; all that have thy new name engraven on their foreheads, shall meet thee in the air with songs of triumph, saying, " This is our GOD, we have waited for him ; this is our BELOVED, our REDEEMER and FRIEND ; then shall the ransomed of the LORD return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : then shall they obtain joy and gladness ; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.

O quickly let thy chariot wheels appear,
Darting bright beams of glory thro' the air ;
Bid the Archangel sound, bid worlds draw nigh,
To meet the awful Judge enthron'd on high :

And

And while confusion, wrath and woe are hurl'd
With dreadful uproar, on a guilty world,
Thou wilt unfold the glories of thy face,
In full meridian on thy chosen race;
They shall with joy behold, with joy confess
Their SAVIOR-GOD, the LORD their RIGHTEOUSNESS!
And full of THEE, for ever shall remain,
Live in thy life, and in thy glory reign:
With loving heart and grateful voice shall raise
A tuneful chorus of seraphic lays,
Eternal anthems of eternal praise.
Thro' the wide arches of the courts above,
While all their theme, and all their bliss is LOVE;



O

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E,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

LET universal nature bring,
 An humble tribute to her King,
 Jesus, the God, who bade the earth
 Exist, and gave creation birth.
 High on his glorious throne he reigns,
 And all the bright ethereal plains
 Resound the triumphs of his name,
 Lo ! glad archangels shout his fame:
 With harps of gold, the ransom'd throng
 Exulting, swell the choral song ;
 Still higher let your notes arise:
 Ye winged armies of the skies,
 Adore him through eternal days,
 With growing ardour, boundless praise.

Praise him, bright Sol, refulgent king of day,
 When thy first rising beam dispels the night,
 When from thy flaming car, the noontide ray,
 Pours on the universe a flood of light.
 The moon and stars shall catch the glorious theme :
 Hear it, ye planets, as ye roll along
 In boundless space; delighted, hear of him,
 And join to praise him in a noble song.

N

Ye

Ye little warblers of the grove,
 Ye his care and kindness prove
 As ye fly from spray to spray
 Join the universal lay.

Ye who rove the forest thro'
 His kind hand provides for you,

'Tis by his almighty power

Lambkins bleat, and lions roar,

Earth, and seas, and air, unite,

Gloomy darkness, orient light:

Rosy summer, chearful spring,

Sheav-crown'd autumn too shall sing,

Winter with his stormy face,

Shall adore the GOD of grace,

Every season, every thing,

Bless the great immortal King.

Low at the feet of JESUS, they shall fall,

And own him GOD, and sovereign LORD of all.

Saints redeemed by his blood,

Sing your great redeeming GOD.

Come, Philander, join the lay,

Help his glories to display:

Let us raise our voices higher

Than the great angelic choir;

They adore their MAKER-GOD,

But we bless him for his blood,

He is theirs, and he is ours,

Praise him with thy noblest powers.



CHRIST

CHRIST
A L L I N A L L S

WHITHER shall I go, but unto thee, O LORD? thou hast the words of eternal life, thou art life, and in thee it is I live and move, and have my being; I am a poor stranger in this world, and a traveller, as all my fathers were, journeying from time to eternity, from this vale of tears, this region of sin and sorrow, to the heavenly Jerusalem, the mount Sion, the city of the living God, whither my great Forerunner is already entered, even JESUS, to prepare a place for me: that is my rest, there my treasures are laid up, there I shall behold my Father's face without a cloud: there all tears shall be wiped from my eyes; I shall no more hang my harp on the willows, but for ever join the harmonic chorus of uninterrupted hallelujahs, singing the songs of Moses and the Lamb, with all those who

have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and therefore are before the throne for ever. But I am not yet called home to my Father's house: I am a poor exile, passing through a wilderness, in my way to glory; I must be tried in the furnace of affliction, before I come out bright gold, but when I walk through the fire, I have the word of an unchangeable God, that he will be with me, and when I pass through the waters, he hath promised they shall not overflow me, therefore I may boldly press on, for though hosts of foes will rise against me; by the strength of my God, I shall leap over them all: for though storms may roar, and tempests blow, yet JESUS, my God, is mightier far than they, when he says, "*Peace be still,*" they shall all be hushed into a calm.

While I am in the world, I am beset with enemies, enemies on all sides, within and without: within, a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; a heart in league with hell, to stop me in my heavenly race; prone to wander from the God of love; a heart which is by nature the sink of sin, ready every moment to betray me into the hands of my spiritual enemies, this is my nearest and greatest foe; and when I should soar on the wings of faith and love, far above the things which are seen, and are temporal to those which are unseen, and eternal, this weighs me down, this keeps me grovelling in the dust, and will do so, more or less, till the chain is broke, the bond dissolved, and my fettered soul set at liberty; then I shall fly away upborne on angels wings to my heavenly home,

home, and leave sin and mortality behind for ever: but that time is not yet come, I am yet in the body waiting for the hour when JESUS shall say, "Come up hither:" till then, I remain in an howling wilderness, full of burning sand, beasts of prey, and fiery flying serpents. The world is a subtle enchantress, she lays her snares on every side to catch the unwary travellers feet, and we not only fight with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, with spiritual wickedness in high places. O who shall deliver my soul from all this host of foes? I am but a worm, I have no might, my strength is perfect weakness, but the LORD ruleth on high; JESUS reigns, he is the King of Israel, and the SAVIOR thereof. Rejoice then, ye citizens of Zion, in the recollection of this truth, JESUS is KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS, all power is in his hand, he reigns in and over our hearts, by the golden sceptre of his grace; he ruleth over the world by his providential empire, and he reigneth over the devils with a rod of Iron; he hath ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, and he shall reign till all things are put underneath his feet,

But I am not only surrounded with enemies, while passing through this valley of the shadow of death, but I am altogether an unclean thing, and all my righteousnesses are as filthy rags; born in sin, and by nature corrupted, all I do is defiled with sin; LORD, I am a leper, unclean throughout, and God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; he hath declared, he will by

no means clear the guilty; to whom should I turn? to whom should I go? LORD, thou hast the words of eternal life; JESUS is a PRIEST upon his throne, a great HIGH-PRIEST, who is entered into the holy place, not made with hands; who himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree, and by that oblation of himself once offered, hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified, being himself at once the sacrifice and sacrificer, and the offended Jehovah, to whom he made the atonement: for GOD was in CHRIST, reconciling the world unto himself—these are mysteries the world receiveth not.

To thee then I come, O my compassionate High-Priest, to be washed in that fountain which thou hast opened for sin, and for all uncleanness; from thy heart, thy hands, and feet it flowed, blood and water, to cleanse and to redeem: wash me in that precious flood, O thou SAVIOR of sinners, and I shall be clean. Come hither, O ye wounded souls, ye that are pricked to the heart, that are crying out your wounds are incurable; behold your priest: behold your sacrifice: behold the Lamb of GOD that takes your sins away, he hath given his life a ransom for many, and there is balm in Gilead, there is a kind Physician there: behold him by faith, he spreads his pierced hands to receive you, your names are engraven on the palms of his hands, and he will bid you go in peace. He now appears before the throne, as a lamb newly slain, and he ever lives to make intercession for us.

Sin

Sin hath blinded our eyes, hath stopped our ears, and shut up our hearts in more than Egyptian darkness; LORD, I am as a brute beast before thee, I know not the ways of GOD, nor the way in which I should walk; I am by nature intirely immersed in blindness and ignorance, to what teacher should I go, but to thee, thou great PROPHET of thy church; thou art the wisdom of GOD; thou art made unto us wisdom, and it is thy office to open the eyes of the blind, to unstop the deaf ears, to teach thy people by thy Spirit, all truth, and to make fools wise unto salvation. Listen then, my soul, to thy heavenly teacher, hear him in his word, directing thy feet into the way of peace. Hear him say, "This is the way, walk ye in it, go not after thine own will, but follow the LAMB witherforever he goeth, and he will lead thee to the good land, the heavenly Canaan, where thou shalt be satisfied with the blessings of his kingdom, and though the way may lay through many a dark path, JESUS will be thy light, and defence, thy SUN, and thy SHIELD; the SUN of righteousness will rise upon thee, with healing underneath his blessed wings, will shed his divinest influence upon thee, direct thee by his wisdom, guide thee by his eye, lay his everlasting arms underneath thee, and be thy GOD, and thy SAVIOR in time and eternity. When thou, poor silly sheep, wandereth from the fold, the GOOD SHEPHERD will keep his eye upon thee, he will not suffer the wolf to devour thee, but by the chastisement of his rod, will bring thee back, when thou art weary and faint in thy mind, thy all-skilful Physician will make thee whole: he will heal

all thy backslidings, and love thee freely, for with him there is no variableness, neither shadow of changing. Rejoice then, O my soul, and ye saints of God, rejoice in that Jehovah JESUS, who is the ALPHA and OMEGA: if he is our KING, none can hurt us; if he is our PRIEST, he will save us; if he is our PROPHET, he will guide us right, for he is called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR. We indeed are poor and blind, naked and miserable in ourselves, but JESUS is made unto us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption: if we are nothing, he is all.

Now to him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, be honour and glory, thanksgiving and praise, from all the inhabitants of heaven, and redeemed saints upon earth, henceforth, and for ever. Amen, and Amen.



SUMMER DAY'S

EXCURSION

FAREWELL ye horrors of WINTER, ye have fled
to your bleak habitation in the north, and even gentle
SPRING with all her "vernal airs," have taken flight—
SUMMER, rosy SUMMER, triumphs in her turn, and
spreads verdure, health, and festivity, through the ve-
getative, animal and rational worlds.

Come, my MIRANDA, friend of my heart, let us
walk forth with the early dawn, let us contemplate the
dew drops that shine upon the grass, those bright dia-
monds of the morning; let us admire the rising sun,
while he permits us to behold his glories; ere long his rays
will be too powerful, and his splendors too refulgent for
us to bear: but now the air is balmy, cool, and delight-
ful, we may lift up our eyes and behold the wonders of
the

186 A SUMMER DAY'S EXCURSION.

the heavens—See the eastern clouds glow with most magnificent colours, azure, purple and gold: Phœbus has just mounted his flaming carr, AURORA flies before him, and the HOURS in dance, follow in his train; and are they silent? is the bright progress of the imperial king of day uncelebrated with celestial song? No, methinks I hear the music of the spheres—Listen, my MIRANDA, listen O my soul, for MEDITATION has an ear can catch the most distant sound; softly wafted on gentle echo's wing it comes.

Fly, shadows fly! bright SOL appears,
Obtrusive darkness, haste away;
His flowing robe of light he wears,
And pours around a flood of day.

Rejoice, ye grove-crown'd hills rejoice,
Ye humbler vallies laugh and sing,
—Let universal nature's voice

Raise the loud triumphs of her King.

GOD of the SUN, his brightest rays

Sink into night, compar'd with thine,

In his refulgent noontide blaze

The glimm'rings of thy glories shine.

Yes, O SUN, bright and glorious as thou art, how infinitely brighter, how inconceivably more glorious must HE be, who called thee into being by his word, created and upholds thee by his power, and from whom

whom as the great fountain of light, thou receivest all thy splendours. And who is this infinite Being, this glorious God, but the LORD JESUS CHRIST? *Col. i. 16.* For by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers, all things were created by him and for him: Yes, O my soul, he that created the heavens and formed the earth, is no other than the great God thy SAVIOR! how sweet, how delightful a reflection; the Creator and Preserver of all the grand and noble objects around me, became a babe at Bethlehem, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief for me—lived for me, died for me! O how grand, how noble, how sufficient and infinite must that atonement, that righteousness and intercession be which is the work of no less a person than the author of universal nature: Is his work of creation perfect? so is his grand work of redemption. Yes, my soul, his works are all perfect, all complete, and thou art complete in him, *Col. ii. 10.*

How chearful, my dear MIRANDA, appears the face of nature; a little while ago it was covered with the shades of night; all was silent and solemn; but now the rising sun has dissipated the gloom, the fields look gay, the flowers open to drink in the dew and the first gales of the morning, while the little feathered warblers of the grove, are sending up a sweet song to their great Creator and Benefactor, without whose permission, a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. And O how chearful is the believer in JESUS, when after a long night of sorrow,

sorrow, the Sun of Righteousness arises upon him with healing in his wings, heals his sorrows, speaks peace to his soul, discovers some of the glories of his person and offices, and gives the soul to see and enjoy a little of the wonders of redeeming grace and dying love: How sweet, how inexpressibly sweet is such a transition? then the believer experiences the truth of the Psalmist's assertion, "sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Now blooms the *rose*, now the noble *lily* rears its stately head; the garden puts on its most lovely appearance and emits its most fragrant perfumes; while the fields look gay, though clad with more artless attire: there the yellow *butterflower*, the humble *daisy*, the sweet smelling *violet* and spiral *forget-me-not*, mingling with the tender grass, form a delicate carpet of the most variegated colours;—and the softly breathing *zephyrs*, carries on his gentle wings far and wide, the healthful and pleasing effluvia of the new made hay. How delightful and wide extended is the prospect around us! the meadows are covered with flocks; here are sheep feeding in green pastures, while the playful lambs are frisking hither and thither, and the contented shepherd sitting under yon lofty oak, diverts himself with his pipe, enjoys the beautiful scene, unenvious of the pomp and magnificence of the great. On the other hand, see that vast ridge of hills that rise as it were, half way to heaven, and forbid our sight to penetrate any further: How sublimely majestic they appear. O! my *Miranda*, who would not leave the confinement and confusion

sion of *London*, for the calm delights of so sweet a retirement, and to contemplate the beauties of such a prospect as this; and yet how far more noble a prospect, how infinitely more grand a scene does the believer in JESUS behold, when he is enabled to view by faith, IMMANUEL'S land, the kingdom of grace and glory, where his inheritance is. "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present or things to come, all are yours, and ye are CHRIST'S, and CHRIST is GOD'S,"
 1 Cor. iii. 21—23.

Here are heights and depths of *salvation*; lengths and breadths of astonishing *grace*: and all this our own; yes, my friend, it was for us, and all the heirs of glory, that the heavens and the earth were created: it is for us they are still continued; for us the sun shines, the rains descend, the dews distil; for us the earth is crowned with fruitfulness and fragrance: the wicked partake of the bounties of providence, but they are not the proprietors of them. This world is a grand school erected by the omnipotent GOD, in which he chuses to educate his children, and when their education is complete, he will present them to himself a glorious church without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; and then he will pull down the school as a useless place: then sun, moon and stars, shall be swept away, and all the wonders of the first creation sink into nothing to make room for the superior glories of the second; that brighter better world, where the sun of righteousness shall shine in his meridian splendour, and to which, the ransomed
 of

of the LORD shall return, and come with singing, and everlasting joy upon their heads.

Upon what swift pinions doth time fly! already hath the sun entered the zenith: all nature seems to faint under his scorching beams; the flowers droop, the cattle take refuge under the wide spread shadow of the oak, the elm, or the walnut tree. Come, my MIRANDA, let us retire to yonder rural bower, it is composed of laurel and bay, it is ornamented with jessamine and honeysuckles; O how sweet, how delightful a retirement. The robin has come hither before us; see, he sits on yonder bough and whistles forth his joy. Here let us sit down and recollect for a moment, that if this retreat from the sultry beams of noon is so welcome, so desirable, so refreshing to our wearied bodies and fatigued spirits, how precious, how inexpressibly precious must he LORD JESUS CHRIST be to that soul, who when fainting under the fiery temptations of satan, the scorching heat of persecution and overwhelming afflictions, is brought to sit down under his shadow; for one of the glorious characters he sustains, is that of a SHADOW from the heat, *I/a.* xxv. 4. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The LORD JESUS may be compared to a rock, because of his immutability, and everlasting strength; and to a great rock, because he is the great God. "Tell me," says the spouse in the Canticles, "tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest? where thou

thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?" the GOOD SHEPHERD leads his flock to green pastures; he feeds them under his own shadow, and upon the finest of the wheat; his everlasting love, his exceeding great and precious promises, his unchangeable veracity, his all-sufficient power, the riches of his grace, the infinite merit of his life and death, his covenant and oath. O my dear friend, are not these some of the branches of that glorious apple-tree, under whose shadow you and I have oft-times sat down with great delight? are not these some of the rich fruit upon which we have fed, when the king has taken us into his banqueting house, and made his banner over us to be love? These are soft resting places, quiet and secure resting places; the apostle Paul found them so, and therefore could say, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," 2 Tim. i. 12. It was a sultry noon of persecution with Paul when he wrote those words; but notwithstanding, he could sweetly rest in peace, under the shadow of an ALMIGHTY SAVIOR.

What gradual advances doth PHOEBUS make in his diurnal journey? he doth not burst upon us with a flood of light and heat, out of the womb of midnight darkness, but arises upon our world by gentle degrees, till at length he arrives at his zenith, then he blazes forth in his full refulgence, and not only the corn is ripened, the fruit matured, but his piercing rays pene-
trate

trate to the deepest recesses of the earth, and shed their influences upon the most solid rock, to form the diamond, to bid the ruby glow, and to adorn the emerald, the amethyst, and the pearl, with all their varied beauties. Thus gradual, thus progressive, were the discoveries of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and his great salvation, made to a lost fallen world; the sun of righteousness did not arise at once, his first rising beams shone but faintly, the great designs of Jehovah were revealed at first in dark sayings, mystical ceremonies, types so enveloped with clouds, that nothing but the eye of faith could penetrate them: then brighter, and still brighter displays of sovereign grace and mercy in the person of CHRIST, were given by the divinely inspired lips of the prophets; and in the appointed time, the sun of righteousness shone forth in his meridian splendor, "GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory," 1 Tim. iii. 16. In this gradual manner also, does the LORD JESUS carry on his work in the hearts of his people; the HOLY SPIRIT sheds a little of his divine light on their dark understandings, and the night of nature is in a measure dissipated, but they perceive spiritual objects in a very imperfect manner, like the man whose eyes when once touched by the hand of CHRIST, saw men as trees walking; but the sun of righteousness shines with brighter and brighter beams, and they see more and more of his beauty and excellence; their faith is strengthened, their hope is confirmed, their hearts glow with the stronger beams of
of

of divine love; they become more and more acquainted with their own vileness, wretchedness, and helplessness, and thus they go from one degree of grace to another, from strength to strength, till they appear before the LORD, in Zion. "The path of the just is like the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

What little dependence is to be placed on the weather; how very uncertain is all created good; see, my MIRANDA, the sun has hid his radiant head; the clouds gather, they appear dark and gloomy, and threaten a shower. Well, it will be a welcome refreshment to the gardens, the fields will smell more aromatic; see! it comes already, in what gentle drops it falls, there are no thunders to alarm, no vivid lightnings to terrify us, it is not attended with a storm, it does not descend in a rapid torrent: no, it is a mild pacific shower, the clouds drop fatness, it will revive and invigorate all nature: so when the clouds of affliction gather around the christian, there is no real cause for him to be terrified and affrighted, there is no storm of divine wrath to overwhelm him, no thunders of Sinai, no curses of a fiery law to consume him, they are quenched in the precious blood of JESUS: thy darkest cloud, O believer, will produce nothing but the gentle chastisement of a father's hand, it will drop fatness on thy paths, humble thy spirit, soften thy hard heart, and in due time, bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness: then shall thy sun again shine forth, and till he does, wait patiently for him, and remember

ber that he abideth faithful, he is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever.

The rain is over, the clouds break off, the blue heavens again appear in their ethereal beauty and elegance; again the sun sends forth his golden beams to drink up the residue of the late fallen shower, but he shines in milder beams, abated splendor; in the calm hour of morn he crowned the eastern clouds with gold and purple, but now he illuminates the western hemisphere with his glories, and instead of the sultry blaze of noon, presents us with the cool delights, the refreshing breezes of the sober evening. Welcome, "sweet hour of prime," thou art sacred to meditation, devotion, and the muses: thus peaceful, thus serenely calm is the conscience sprinkled with the blood of JESUS: but hark, my MIRANDA, friend of my heart, did I not hear the cuckow's chearful note? yes, yonder he sits, perched on that tall fir, and repeats, and again repeats his pleasing tale: wherever he is, he has but one theme to record, and though he constantly pays us a visit with every returning May, yet his story is always the same, his song never varies. Will not this remind us, my dear MIRANDA, that the joyful sound of the glorious GOSPEL, in all ages, in all climates, is constantly, unalterably, invariably the same. The LORD JESUS CHRIST is its grand theme, he is the illustrious object it incessantly displays. GOD the FATHER presents him to our view, and says, "This is my beloved SON, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him," Matt. xvii. 5. The HOLY SPIRIT leads the repenting sinner to none but JESUS, as the great author and finisher of salvation;

"He

"He shall glorify me," says the Savior, "for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you," John xvi. 14. "He shall testify of me," *ibid* xv. 26. the LORD JESUS is the grand subject of the scriptures, both of the old and new testament. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me," John v. 39. "To him give all the prophets witness," Act, x. 43. and the apostle of the Lamb had nothing else to preach or write of, but the sovereign love, free grace, and rich abundant mercy of a triune Jehovah, as manifested in the person of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, the prophet, the priest, the king, the wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption of his people. O, my MIRANDA, if this joyful sound has reached our ears, has penetrated our hearts, has filled our souls with triumph; this will be, yes, and this is our language, God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, I am determined to know nothing among you, O ye sons and daughters of this world, but JESUS CHRIST and him CRUCIFIED.

The shadows of evening are lengthening apace, and warn us of the approach of night, the MOON is rising in cloudless majesty. Come, my dear friend, let us return to our habitation, how short is the longest day: thus when in the evening of life the night of death approaches, may it find my dear MIRANDA and her friend, thus fearless, thus calm and peaceful: yes, O thou gloomy tyrant of the grave, we shall triumph over thee, JESUS our all-conquering God and

SAVIOR hath taken away thy sting, and he is gone as our great Forerunner to prepare us an habitation among the blessed; he hath given us an inheritance among the saints in light, there our sun shall no more go down, neither shall our moon withdraw itself; there the LORD shall be unto us an everlasting light, and our GOD our glory; there we shall enjoy an eternal SUMMER, and employ our golden harps through endless ages, in celebrating the GOD of our salvation, to whom we would join with angels and archangels, and all the ransomed throng in ascribing glory and praise, for ever. Amen.



MEDITATION

FOR THE

LORD'S SUPPER.

SEE, O my soul, thy condescending Savior has spread a table for thee in the midst of this howling wilderness—thy great MELCHISEDEC brings forth bread and wine to regale thee, and this is the language of his heart, “Eat, O my friend, drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved, and as often as thou doest this, do it in remembrance of ME.” My SAVIOR, my LORD, and my God, I would fain obey thy gracious command, I would fain remember thee, but ah! thou knowest the stupidity of my heart, how apt it is to forget thee; LORD, it is dead, Oh breathe upon it the breath of

life: it is insensible, Oh! quicken it by the almighty agency of thy good Spirit; lead me to Gethsemane, lead me to Calvary, there open to my view, the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of thine inexpressible, inconceivable love; there let me sit at thy feet, O thou whom my soul loveth, and remember with unutterable joy, with heart-felt delight, with the deepest contrition and humiliation, let me remember that I have redemption in the blood of JESUS, the forgiveness of my sins.

“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?” LORD, I remember thee, thou art the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace; thou art the self-existent Jehovah, the God whom angels and archangels adore; they bow at thy footstool, they fly at thy bidding; universal nature depends upon thee, thou art the Creator and Preserver of all things; thou art my God, I fall at thy feet, and remember with astonishment that thou hast so loved me, as to become for my sake a MAN, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief! I see thee born in a stable, laid in a manger, growing up to a mature age in poverty and obscurity, under the deep disguise of a carpenter’s son. O ye angels of God, ye bright ethereal sons of the morning, how did your seraphic bosoms swell with astonishment, for ye beheld him—you acknowledged him for your Sovereign, though the world knew him not.

I see

I see thee, O Immanuel, my King and my God, prostrate in Gethsemane; there I remember thy soul was sorrowful, sorrowful even unto death: I see thee silent at Pilate's bar, and groaning out thy spirit upon CALVARY'S CROSS; and I remember that in all this, thou stoodest forth as my faithful Surety and Bondsman, bound by thy own solemn engagement to pay to divine justice, the infinite debt I had contracted; and now I see thee inviolably faithful to thy covenant, clearing off my long arrears, with GROANS, with BLOOD, with AGONY, and DEATH. LORD, I remember thy dying love, and blush that I have ever forgot it;—be ashamed, O my soul, that thou art so little mindful of thy Savior; be ashamed that thou canst think of any thing else but him. O thou bleeding LOVER of my soul, I am amazed and confounded, I am covered with self-abasement, at the vileness, the base ingratitude, and stupidity of my heart, which after all thou hast done, after all thou hast suffered is so awfully prone to wander from, and forget thee, the fountain of all blessedness. Thou hast set me as a seal upon thy heart; thou hast graven me upon the palms of thine hands, and though thou art exalted upon a throne of glory, yet thou wilt not for a moment forget me, thy watchful eye is continually upon me for good; thine ear is continually open to my prayer, and thine hand is every moment stretched out to bless me; thy heart is now glowing with the same ineffable, unbounded love to me, which constrained thee to die for my sake; all the waters of my ingratitude, all the floods of my forgetfulness of thee has not been able to quench that infinite flame. O my God, here is my happiness, thou

wilt, thou dost love me still : surely then thou deservest all the affections of my soul. Thou sayest, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." O take it, by the omnipotent power of thy Holy Spirit ; set thyself as a seal upon my heart, I would offer it as a thank-offering unto thee, do thou bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar ; by the sweet silken cords of love divine, stamp thy own holy image upon this ungrateful, forgetful heart ; and as thou dost pardon its vileness and baseness, O hold it so fast in thine Almighty hand, that it may never wander from, never forget thee more, thou **GOD** of my salvation.

Midst the solemn shades of night,
Let my soul remember thee,
Midst the noontide blaze of light,
Thou, my sun, shine bright on me :
Ever present be thy grace,
Be thy power ever nigh,
Till I see thy smiling face,
In the realms above the sky.



A

WALK AT ENFIELD.

THE clock's struck three, and lo! Philander comes
True (as the needle to the northern pole)

To his appointed hour, by friendship led,
To guide MIRANDA and her friend, in paths
Of smiling verdure, where, before their feet
Had never trod: he for awhile lays by
Sublimer studies, to enjoy the sweets
Gay summer hangs on every bush and spray,
To view great nature in her rich attire,
And in converse agreeable, beguile
A cheerful hour, stol'n from the sciences.

Calm is the day, unruffled by a storm,
Th' etherial heavens wear their azure robe,
Phœbus at times puts forth his golden beams
And smiles in orient glories on the earth,
Then, lest the weary traveller should faint
Beneath his sultry ray, kindly withdraws,
And leaves a cool refreshing shade around.
Hark how the little warblers of the grove
Attune their softest songs to charm the ear
And sooth the heart with sweetest melody,
As thro' green allies, o'er the flow'ry lawn

We

We rove, delighted with the beauteous scene,
Or up the gently rising hill ascend,
Or climb the steeper heights with labouring steps;
Sweet labour, where fatigue is overpaid
By such a prospect, such delights as these,
Peace, heavenly peace triumphant in the soul,
And the dear voice of friendship in my ear;
The laughing vallies, and the grove crown'd hills,
And universal nature smiling round,
All gay, all happy—how the distant town
Sinks from our view; low in a vale it lies,
Half hid in woods: hail lovely shades, the seat
Of contemplation and retirement sweet,
But for awhile farewell, we bid adieu
Till the fair star of evening call us home
To the lov'd spot where God and Paulus dwell,
And science and religion call their own.
The wide spread heath, the waving forest crowns
The distant prospect; hill o'er hill ascends
Sublimely grand, and kiss the bending skies,
While the clear river draws its humid train,
In soft meanders thro' the verdant meads,
Diffusing health and fruitfulness around.
Here might we dwell, and with astonish'd eyes
Behold creation in her fairest dress:
Here might we dwell, and with admiring hearts
Adore the God whose boundless glories shine
Above, beneath, around: But objects new
Invite us—then adieu ye grove-crown'd hills,
The wide spread heath, the river's humid train,
And humble Enfield, dwelling in the vale.—

Lo!

Lo! as we turn, fresh wonders rise in view,
Enamell'd meadows spangled o'er with gold,
Or green with corn just rising in the ear,
While gentle Zephyr on his silken wings
Bears the rich fragrance of the new mown hay.
And see, in yonder field, a rural train
With sprightly vigour, active diligence,
Pursue their wholesome toil : they tofs and turn
The tender grafs that ripens as it lies
In the bright splendours of the lamp of day :
Placid and chearful as a summer's eve,
And lest their spirits fail before the hour
Of eve proclaim their pleasant labours o'er,
They chat, they smile, and with united voice,
They speed the lagging moments with a song.

But say, Philander, who is that appears
Lord of the pastures, on a goodly steed
He sits, but with a melancholy air
Surveys unmov'd the beauties of the scene,
And clad in sable colour'd weeds of woe ?
'Tis CLIO, late the happy, late the blest,
If aught below the skies can bear the name
Of blifs or happiness ; but ah ! 'twas frail,
A fleeting joy, death with an envious frown
High rear'd a fatal dart, and lodg'd it deep
In his LUCINDA's bosom ; in her tomb
Lies CLIO's blifs : in vain the charming spring
And rose-crown'd summer smile, in vain for him
Ten thousand sweets arise, his sadden'd heart

Chear-

Chearless remains, so Jacob mourn'd his son,
And the sweet Psalmist—his lov'd Jonathan.

See down the hill's slope side, a traveller pass,
A weak old man, infirm with age and care,
Tott'ring and flow, his aspect spare and mean
Awakes the tend'rest pow'rs of sympathy.
Ah feeble age! and must thou groan beneath
Th' oppressive wallet, and penurious want?
But soft—methinks upon a nearer view,
'Tis GRASPALL's little soul inspires that frame,
So lank and meagre; let compassion wipe
Her tearful eye, and indignation rise,
Gen'rous displeasure, 'gainst the meanest sin,
The meanest passion, sordid love of gold.
GRASPALL counts o'er his bags, but not enjoys
The treasures they contain, forbid to use
Life's cordial sweets, by avarice forbid,
He counts his THOUSANDS, and he yet is poor.

See how the sprightly boy with nimble feet,
Trips lightly on, still singing as he goes;
His heart is blith, content sits smiling there,
While ruddy health, with bright vivacity
Glow's in his cheek, and sparkles in his eye.
Now! to the summit of the hill arriv'd,
How fair a prospect opens to our view!
The flow'ry vale beneath, the gurgling brook
Whose gentle murmurs sooth the list'ning ear:
On either hand the chequer'd meads that rise,
Or fall, in hill or dell, as best dispos'd

By

By the great Maker's hand, in that blest day
When angels sung creation's mighty work
To harps of gold.—See thro' the distant woods
A glassy lake appear; how smooth, how calm,
Unruffled by a breeze: the vale invites;
Let us descend and taste its humble charms.
Soft be our steps, and watchful be our eyes,
Lest with a thoughtless mind, and heedless feet
We crush the busy tribes that swarm around,
And bury millions in a foot of sand.
“Go to the ant thou sluggard,” saith the wise,
“And in her school learn prudence:” how they toil,
Pleas'd with the prospect of a sunny day,
They quit their cities, and to labour throng
In num'rous armies, wise to gather food,
The bounties which the God of providence
From his all-gracious hand scatters around,
Amplly to fill their winter's magazines,
That when the low'ring skies and driving storms
Confine them to their little earthly cells,
The free community may feel no want,
But live in plenty, tho' without the sun.

Here let us sit, beneath this aged oak,
Whose wide spread branches shade the gentle stream,
Whose waters softly flowing, scarce forbid
The trav'ler's foot to reach the distant side.
Hark how the nightingale and robin pour
Their softest notes, their sweetest music forth
To entertain us, from the neighb'ring grove.

The

The cuckow too his constant theme repeats;
 Ah welcome stranger! my enraptur'd ear
 Shall listen to thy voice with more delight
 Than all the feather'd choristers beside.
 But while the airy serenade proceeds,
 Come gentle friends, and let us join the lay;
 Let hill and valley sing, and all the race
 Of creatures join in one harmonious song
 To hail the glorious God, whose fiat call'd
 Creation forth from the chaotic womb
 Of night and darkness to illustrious birth,
 And bade it shine a noble universe
 Worthy the mighty builder. Raise we still
 A higher note, a more triumphant strain,
 Jesus the mighty builder of the skies,
 Who calls the earth the footstool of his throne,
 Bow'd his majestic head on calvary,
 And cry'd, "Tis finish'd:" then REDEMPTION rose,
 REDEMPTION all triumphant, all divine,
 Let his redeem'd exult, with boundless joy
 Sing the CREATOR, the REDEEMER GOD.
 High let their songs arise and pierce the clouds,
 And join the hallelujahs of the skies,
 Where our IMMANUEL reigns enthron'd in light,
 The God of glory and the God of grace.

Farewell sweet fields, thou gurgling brook adieu;
 And all ye airy warblers of the grove:
 The setting sun adorns the western clouds
 With gay magnificence, and the cool eve,
 With her fair rising star calls us away

To other scenes, still pleasing, still serene ;
For beauteous is the spot where Paulus dwells,
And humble Enfield dwelling in the vale,
Partakes the bounties of her Maker's hand
In rich profusion. See her spires arise,
Half hid in verdant groves, how bright they glow
In Sol's departing rays : Yon antient pike
Whose venerable tow'rs from age to age,
Sacred to heaven, has brav'd the shocks of time.
There heroes sleep ; no more the clang of war
Disturbs their slumbers ; may their dust repose
In peaceful silence, till the trump of God
Awake the world and bid it sleep no more.

Behold yon pensive trav'ler silent stand,
Leaning like Jacob, on his oaken staff ;
He bends beneath the weight of num'rous years,
And muses o'er a thousand by-past scenes,
Which faithful memory revives to view,
And ev'ry thought is follow'd by a sigh.
So when our fainting spirits tire and lag,
As on we journey up the heavenly road,
May the firm promise of a faithful God
Support our steps ; there may we safely lean
By stedfast faith, and rest our weary souls,
Look backward on the wonders of his hand,
Look forward to the crown beyond the veil,
And ev'ry rising thought be wing'd with joy,
O'erflowing gratitude, and humble love ;
Till from the skies his winged messengers

Descend,

Descend, to bear us to our Father God;
 To walk the golden streets, to gather fruit,
 From life's immortal tree, and prove the bliss
 That blossoms in the paradise of God;
 A brighter paradise than Adam lost,
 An Eden purchas'd by a Savior's blood.
 There shall we sing his boundless name, and fall
 Before his throne in extacies divine;
 No more to sigh, to sin and part no more,
 But in immortal triumphs to exult
 With the bright sons of morn, as bright as they,
 While everlasting ages roll along.



M E D I T A T I O N

On Rev. xii. 6.

“And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there, a thousand two hundred and threescore days.”

THE church of CHRIST, his mystical body, those whom he loved in eternity, redeemed in time, calls by his spirit to the knowledge of themselves, and of him whom to know is life eternal, and finally brings to his kingdom and glory.—This elect church of God, we find in the scriptures of truth, described under various characters, typified by various things, but all significative either of what it is in itself, or of what it is in its glorious head; thus it is sometimes called a Worm, a Vine, an helpless Infant, descriptive

of its weakness, imbecility and want of support; for what is more despicable and weak than a worm? what stands in more need of support than a vine? and what is more incapable of helping itself than a new born infant?—we know it is totally void of the power of defence, and of every means of providing for its own subsistence: and so in a spiritual sense, is the church of **GOD**, totally weak, void of power, and without strength, and utterly unable to provide for itself, stand against any of its numerous enemies, or extricate itself out of the many dangerous and disagreeable situations it is often, very often brought into. On the other hand, “I have compared thee, O my love,” says the **LORD**, by the mouth of an inspired penman, “to a company of horses in Pharaoh’s chariots.” Now we know that horses are creatures possessed of a very large portion of strength, and were they capable of knowing their own strength, there remains a doubt whether or no they would be subject to man: but the church is weak, and in itself without strength; therefore this character of horses can only relate to them as they are considered in **JESUS**; for in the Lord Jehovah, they have not only righteousness, but also strength, strength to conquer sin, strength to conquer devils, and strength to conquer death, their last enemy; for all the strength and power of a triune God, an omnipotent Jehovah, is engaged on their side, to fight their battles for them, to tread their spiritual enemies under their feet, to give them the victory, and make them finally more than conquerors over all that rise against them; and were they but more sensible

of tis, could they but, when feeling their own insufficiency, behold and rely on that Almighty arm, that infinite strength, and everlasting power, which is engaged by covenant, by promise and oath to be exercised for them;—had they but full views of this, they would never be subject to sinking fears, and evil questioning, dark surmises, and unbelieving doubts, which often arises in their hearts, and sometimes hold their troubled spirits in bondage, under the gloomy apprehension of being finally overcome by their enemies, and snatched from the arms, and torn from the bosom of him who hath sworn never to let them go: no, they would rather cry out with the psalmist, “The LORD is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? when the wicked, even my enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell; though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear, though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident, the LORD is with us, the GOD of Jacob is our refuge:” and add with the apostle, “if GOD be for us, who can be against us? who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us; for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of GOD, which is in CHRIST JESUS our LORD.”

Thus we find that the church in scripture is described under various figures, and perhaps out of many more instances that might be brought, none are more strikingly beautiful, more picturesque or fuller of divine consolation to the church in general, and every individual member in particular, than the text I would desire, under the divine influences of the LORD the Spirit, now to contemplate; for as he is the author of these lively oracles, he must be also the revealer of them to our hearts, or we shall see no beauty in them, and consequently receive no divine consolation, no heavenly blessing from them. Come then, O thou divine Paraclete, and with thy light illuminate my darkness, with thy fire warm my cold heart, with thine unerring hand direct my pen into the paths of sacred truth, because thou hast engaged to be an instructor to the ignorant, a teacher of babes.--“And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there, a thousand, two hundred, and threescore days.”

If we attend to the origin of women, we find that she received her life and being from the side of man; “the LORD GOD caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and he took out one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof, and the rib which the LORD GOD had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her to the man; and Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh, she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.” Gen. ii. 21, 22, 23. Analogous to this, the church may

may very properly be called a woman; for as Eve received life from the side of Adam, so the church receives her spiritual, divine, eternal life from the side of her dying CHRIST, the second Adam, the LORD from heaven. The LORD GOD put Adam into a deep sleep, while he took from him the rib of which he created him a wife, and JESUS was fast locked in the arms of death, when his side was pierced, from whence flowed that precious fountain of atoning blood, which purchased him a bride, and streams of water, significative of that HOLY SPIRIT which should convey to his church that life and those blessings he had purchased for her.

When Eve was created, Adam awaked from his profound slumber; and so when the great work of redemption was compleated, when the justice of GOD was fully satisfied, his law gloriously magnified, sin made an end of, transgression finished, and everlasting righteousness brought in for the church, the Lamb's wife, then the Almighty CONQUEROR, the victorious SAVIOR, burst the bars of death, snapt asunder the power of the grave, and rose triumphant to reap the fruits of his pains, to receive the reward of his labour, and see of the travail of his soul, and be abundantly satisfied.

The LORD GOD having made the woman, brought her unto the man : she did not come to him of herself, and being brought unto him by GOD, Adam received her joyfully, with all the marks of the most tender affection, acknowledging her to be bone of his bones, and flesh of his flesh, and called her women, because

she was taken out of man; so the church of **CHRIST**, the purchase of his blood, though she has cost him dear, and stands under infinite obligations to him, comes not to him of her own accord, but is brought unto him by **GOD**. "No man cometh unto me," says the **SAVIOR**, "except the **FATHER** draw him." We don't read that **Eve** had any objections to coming to **Adam**, but the church have numberless objections to coming to **CHRIST**; her understanding is darkened, she don't see her need of him, her will is depraved, she is positively determined never to come to him, and her affections are so alienated from him that she hates him, desires not his presence, seeks not his love, but every thing that is contrary to him, that she loves, that she seeks, and pursues with delight and greediness; she is in no concern about his displeasure, she fears not his wrath, but she wraps herself up in a false security, and vainly imagines that she has made a covenant with death, and with hell is at agreement: she thinks herself safe, though her refuge is a refuge of lies; and says in the pride and deceit of her heart, "When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come nigh me; I sit a queen, and shall never see evil." This is her miserable situation by nature, and while it is so, alas, there is little appearances of her coming to **CHRIST**: but what is to be done in this case? why the promise is, "All that the **FATHER** giveth me, **SHALL** come unto me." The **FATHER** therefore draws her to the **SON**, that she may be betrothed unto him in righteousness, faithfulness, and truth, and that for ever: he sees the pride of her heart, and the iron sinew that is in her neck, and has de-

determined that it shall be no prevention to his bringing about, and fully accomplishing his gracious designs towards her. He therefore declares, "Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement, when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us, for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves: Therefore thus saith the LORD God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place, and your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through ye shall be trodden down by it, from the time that it goeth forth it shall take you; for morning by morning shall it pass over by day and by night, and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report, for the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it, for the LORD shall rise up as in Mount Perazim; he shall be wrath as in the valley of Gibeon, that he may do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act," Isa. xxviii. 16—24.

This is the way GOD the FATHER brings the church to CHRIST; she is proud and stout hearted, and fortified with all the armour that satan can put upon her, but the LORD GOD knows how to humble her pride,

to break her stout heart, and to take away all the false props in which she trusted;—he has laid a sure foundation for her everlasting happiness, and he will place her upon it, in spite of all that hell and she can do against it; to this end he arrests her by his Spirit, apprehends her by his powerful grace, and convinces her of sin, brings her conscience to the bar of his justice, and obliges her to plead guilty; and though she may perhaps endeavour to hide herself under the lying refuge of a righteousness of her own, yet he will hunt her out of this false covert, the hail, the storm, shall sweep it away; he will lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and convince her that she is not only a sinner by actual transgression, but that the fountain is corrupt, that her heart is depraved, that her nature is not only dead, but opposite to God, and that God's holy righteous law has passed the sentence of condemnation upon her: he will lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet; he will convince her of the spiritual nature of the law; how holy, how perfect, how righteous it is: she will find it not only condemns her nature, and evil practice, but when she brings her best things unto it, her refuge of lies, in which she trusted, and which she called righteousness; when she sees this weighed in the awful balance of the sanctuary, and finds it found wanting: finds it lighter than air, and altogether vanity; a shadow without any substance, a phantasm without any reality; finds it is sin, altogether sin, and that as such the law of God condemns it: as such it stinks in the nostrils of the infinitely holy Jehovah, who casts it from

from his presence as a polluted garment, and esteems it but filthy rags. When she sees and feels this, she is ready to cry out, in the anguish of her heart, "Woe is me, for I am undone;" and why so? even because the hail hath swept away her refuge of lies, and the overflowing storm destroyed her hiding-place; she finds that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven, against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men; and alas, she feels that she is nothing but an unrighteous sinner; and this humbles her haughty heart, this bows her stubborn will, and makes her glad to come weary and heavy laden to JESUS CHRIST, for life and salvation. Thus the LORD accomplishes his strange work, his wonderful work, his omnipotent work, the conversion of a sinner, the bringing a ruined soul, a ruined church, to a crucified SAVIOR; and never did Adam receive his new created Eve with that joy, that heartfelt delight and complacency that JESUS CHRIST receives the poor ill and hell deserving sinner, that comes to him by faith, being drawn by the Father unto him, he acknowledges him for his own. He says, "Thou art the purchase of my blood, I loved thee in eternity; I laid down my life for thy ransom; for thee I laboured thirty-three years, bearing the contradiction of sinners: I stood in thy place, and fulfilled all righteousness for thee, in order that I might wipe the tears of sorrow from thine eyes; I sweated blood; my soul was sorrowful, sorrowful even unto death, and I never left off toiling, and suffering for thee, till I bowed my head on the cross, and had finished thy salvation. Behold then, how I loved thee! come and look

look into my heart that was pierced for thee, and behold thy name engraven there in characters never to be erased; yea, thy name is engraven upon the palms of my hands, and thy walls are continually before me."

Thus the church may very properly be compared to a woman, because the analogy there is betwixt it and the first woman, the mother of all living; and as Eve was the beloved spouse of Adam, so is the Church of CHRIST: he has declared he is "married unto her," *Jer.* iii. 14. And says in another place, "Thy Maker is thine husband, the LORD of Hosts is his name," *Isa.* liv. 5. "And, (says the apostle,) we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," *Eph.* v. 30. but the Husband is in heaven, and the Wife upon earth; the Bridegroom is in a palace, and the Bride in a wilderness: "For," saith the text, "the woman fled into the wilderness." Now a wilderness is remarkable for two things; first, there is nothing in it that is profitable or delightful; but every thing that is frightful, dangerous, and distressing: there is no overshadowing branches to screen the fainting traveller from the scorching heat of the meridian sun, no cooling streams to allay his thirst, and afford him some kind refreshment; no beds of roses, no vernal bowers to rest his weary limbs; when fatigued with his journey; no delicious fare to abate his hunger, recruit his spirits, or increase his strength:—nothing but burning sands, and fiery serpents, howling winds and barren wilds, or only fruitful in producing briars and thorns, which prick his feet and retard his pace, and make him cry out, "O that I had

had wings like a dove, that I might flee away from the noisy wind and tempest:" Or, in the language of an inspired apostle, "O wretched man that I am!"—Such a wilderness is this world, though it is full of beauty, crown'd with verdure, and adorn'd by the hand of its infinite Creator with every thing that can accommodate and supply our bodies, yet it is void of every thing which is spiritually profitable; there is nothing in it which can satisfy the vast desires of an immortal soul; nothing which can comfort, support or console the mind of the pilgrim who is journeying through it, from time to eternity, from earth to heaven: no, he finds it a barren desert, void of every thing that is substantially and abidingly good; but it is filled with **every** thing that can hurt and annoy him; snares, and nets, and gins are continually laid for his feet; briers and thorns are often besetting him round, and hedging up his way that he cannot go forward: besides, it is infested with beasts of prey; the roaring lion of hell wanders up and down it, seeking whom he may devour: and happy, happy, yea, thrice happy is he who escapes his ravenous jaws: burning sands of fierce temptation, blustering winds and rushing storms, oft-times surprise him; so that sometimes his day is turned into night, his joy into sorrow, and his very heart thrills with fear lest he should lose his way, perish in the wilderness, and never reach the good land, the heavenly Canaan he is seeking.

This is the wilderness up and down in which the church of God are scattered; but blessed be God, tho' she is in a wilderness, she is not alone, that were a dismal

mal situation truly, for were she alone in the wilderness, she must perish, she would soon be overwhelmed by the whirlwinds, or carried away by the storm : but though her LORD is in heaven, and she upon earth ; though, if considered as man, the heavens have received and must contain him till the great day of restitution comes ; yet as Jehovah, GOD over all blessed for ever, he fills all space, and crowns immensity with his presence ; and he hath said to his spouse, his purchased inheritance, " I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." His eye is incessantly upon her, his everlasting arms are underneath her : when she passes through fire and through water, he is nigh, and is as a wall of fire round about her. JESUS is with her in the wilderness as a guide, she often takes wrong steps, and is frequently at the point of losing her way, but then she hears his friendly voice behind her, saying, " This is the way, walk thou therein."—He is not only with her as a guide, but he is with her as a guard, to protect her from her enemies: when the lion roars, she trembles, when her foes, strong and mighty approach, she stands aghast, but the LORD her SHIELD, advances, spreads over her the shadow of his wing, and taking the battle into his own hand, girds his sword upon his thigh, and rides on conquering and to conquer, for they are all to him as the dry stubble is to the burning flame ; by the breath of his mouth he scatters them as the small dust is dispersed abroad by the force of the irresistible whirlwind, and they are obliged to fall before him as Dagon fell before the ark, or as a worm would be crushed under the foot of one of the mighty sons of Anak.

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He is not only with her as her guide and protector, but also to supply all her wants, and comfort her under all her oppressions:—She is often cast down and afflicted ; often grieved and distressed ; but when this is the case, JESUS draws nigh, and says to her soul, “Peace be unto thee ; in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace.” When she hungers, he feeds her with the bread of heaven ; and when she thirsts, he leadeth her to the wells of salvation, and gives her to drink of the rivers of life, those rivers of pleasure which flow at his right hand for evermore :—when she is fainting, he strengthens her ; when falling, raises her ; and when she is wounded by the beasts of prey, stung by the poisonous nettles, with which this world, this wilderness abounds, he makes her whole, and restores her to health by applying to her wound the healing balsom of his atoning blood, the chearing unction of his holy Spirit ; for she is not to be destroyed in the wilderness, it is a place prepared of GOD, he built it on purpose for her reception ; there she is exercised, tried, purified and made capable of enjoying that better portion reserved in heaven for her—“the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of GOD, that they should FEED her there :” indeed she hath a right to be fed, for she is not a widow, her husband is living, and lives for evermore, and it is the privilege of every wife to be maintained by her husband if he has it in his power to maintain her, at least she has a certain right to expect it ; and if he neglects or refuses to do it, when able, every one will allow he is a bad husband, and deserves no better a character than

that

that of a villain ; but JESUS is a faithful husband, a tender affectionate husband ; he loves his bride, he purchased her with an infinite price, and has it well in his power to provide for all her wants : the treasures of his love are past finding out ; the riches of his grace are unsearchable, and the earth is the LORD's and the fulness thereof ; therefore she hath a right upon the best and surest foundation, and it is her privilege to look up to him, not for a scanty allowance, but a full and ample supply of all she stands in need of ; for as she possesses his hand and his heart, all that he has is hers ; " for, saith the apostle, and he knew his Master's mind, " all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are CHRIST's and CHRIST is God's," 1 Cor. iii. 21—23. This is a large grant, a very valuable possession, if we had but eyes to behold the extent of it ; but our sight is now weak, and therefore we can view but a little, very little part of it ; however, since this is the case, the church is in no danger of starving ; God hath determined she shall be fed: he will feed her soul with his word and spirit, and feed her body by a thousand providences ; and though her spiritual and temporal enemies, wicked men and wicked devils, are striving continually to cut off her supplies, and to cause her to perish by famine from off the face of the earth, yet, blessed be God, they are striving in vain, for infinite wisdom knows how to counter-work all their designs, and can, and often does out of the strongest temptation, out of the bitterest affliction, bring forth some sweet and savory meat to feed the souls and bodies of his children. Job's afflictions were calculated

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to feed his soul with heavenly manna, to bring him off from feeding upon that which is not bread, even upon the mouldy husks of his own righteousness, that he might be fed with immortal food, the all-sufficient righteousness of God his Savior. While Jacob's trouble was evidently designed for the temporal preservation of himself and his house, at a time when famine and scarcity overspread the earth; thus "the woman fled into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days."

Blessed be God, though the church is in a wilderness at present, she is not to abide there for ever, she shall not be always beset with dangers, surrounded by enemies, and filled with affliction and sorrow; no, her beloved has not only prepared a place for her in this tumultuous sea of fire and glass, where she is to be fed and preserved, but he is also gone as her great forerunner, to prepare a place in his palace, a mansion in his heaven for her; and at the set time, the appointed time, the expiration of that thousand two hundred and threescore days, he will come himself and fetch her to partake of his glory, to share in his kingdom, and sit down on his throne to enjoy the utmost that a covenant God can bestow on the beloved of his soul — O ETERNAL LIFE! who can describe THEE? What can we say of THEE? Alas, we can but say this, we know not fully what thou art; for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it or can it enter into the heart to conceive what it is to be with God for ever. He that hath enjoyed most of the light of his countenance, most
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of the joy of his salvation, most sensible communion with a condescending SAVIOR, has but as it were sipp'd of the cup, catch'd a drop from the infinite ocean; just tasted the fruits of the good land:—but when the time, the appointed period arrives, that wished-for period which the saints of GOD long for, when the LORD JESU the MIGHTY, yea Almighty GOD, shall appear; then shall we appear with him in glory, and be like him; for we, his church, the purchase of his blood, shall see him as he is, but O with what eyes shall we behold him! with what hearts shall we love him! and with what triumphant songs shall we proclaim his honours, when we enter into that kingdom which was prepared for us before the foundation of the world:—then, and not till then, shall we be able clearly to expatiate on that infinite privilege of the believer in JESUS. Eternal life!

Great day of GOD, O when wilt thou appear
 To usher in the grand sabbatic year,
 When JESUS' saints shall enter into rest,
 And soul and body be completely blest;
 When in full choir they shall their King adore,
 And hear the rude alarms of war no more;
 When IMMORTALITY shall crown the just,
 And all their enemies shall lick the dust;
 O'erwhelm'd in awful wrath's indignant show'r,
 And death and hell confess a victor's pow'r.
 "Great day! where art thou? angels cannot tell,"
 Tho' nigh the throne their shining orders dwell;
 'Tis hid from angels ken, but known to thee,
 Great THREE in ONE, eternal ONE in THREE;
 Thy great decree has fixt the period sure,
 When sin shall *vex*, and saints shall *weep* no more.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R I.

To Mr. and Mrs. M——N.

If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples
indeed, *John* viii. 31.

DEAR FRIENDS,

AGREEABLE to my promise, I now sit down to write to you, and according to your request have taken for a motto the text I mentioned to you when at our house: it affords me, I assure you, no little pleasure to see you both setting out in the good ways of God; you may remember I told you I hoped to meet you not only at—but also in the kingdom of heaven. This is a pleasing hope, may it be fully accomplished in due time. In the first place, give me leave to assure you,

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that

that I did not mention this text with any view to discourage you; perhaps you are already troubled upon this subject, and afraid lest you should not continue—

I know young converts are very apt to be cast down upon this account, but would not wish you at present to be troubled about this, but your principal concern should be to see that you set out aright, for all depends upon that.—Many set out in the profession of religion who do not continue, but are presently blown away by the wind of temptation and trial; but the reason is, they did not begin aright, they were not disciples indeed. “If,” says CHRIST, “ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.”

This is a consolatory text, for it proves that they who are real disciples, or disciples indeed, do continue; the great thing then is to become disciples indeed: they who are such, are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, 1 Peter i. 5. A disciple indeed, is that in heart, which others are in shew: he has not only the leaves of profession, but he has also the root of grace, without that root the leaves will presently wither, and the fairest blossoms fade: but where that root is, though it may sometimes experience a spiritual winter, yet it shall notwithstanding, bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit even unto old age. Mere professors are very well contented with their profession, and however others may fear and tremble for them, they seldom fear and tremble for themselves; but those who are disciples indeed, especially when first called by divine grace, are deeply concerned

cerned to know whether they are right; they are subject to many fears and doubts about this matter, and are frequently much troubled and distressed with the apprehensions of being deceived, or mistaken; and are in the general, much more perplexed with doubts about the reality of the work of grace in their hearts, than of either the power or willingness of CHRIST to save them: you perhaps may feel something of this. Now there is none but the HOLY GHOST himself that can put this matter entirely out of doubt, but it has pleased him to lay down in his word some characteristics of those who are disciples indeed, and it is our duty to examine whether those characteristics belong to us; if they do, it becomes our privilege to draw the most obvious conclusion from them, viz, that GOD hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain SALVATION, by our LORD JESUS CHRIST. The first characteristic I shall mention is this, (and I mention this because twenty-one years ago, I myself experienced the sweetness and consolation of it,) "whosoever shall call upon the name of the LORD shall be saved," *Acts ii. 21. Joel ii. 32.* This is an absolute promise to, as well as a description of, the people of GOD. Here is one great difference between the disciple indeed, and the mere professor, the one *prays*, the other appears to pray; could you look into the heart of a mere professor of religion, you would not find one grain of the spirit of grace and supplication in it, though perhaps he may be able to say much by way of prayer, even in the great congregation; but the disciple *indeed*, though he may not be able to say much in public, yet could you take a peep into his heart, you would find

him a wrestling Jacob. Some of God's people have much of the gift of prayer, but they all have the grace of prayer; the experience of God's people are various in some things, some are led by the deep waters of conviction, and much sorrow upon the account of sin; others are gently led forth out of a state of nature into a state of grace, by the still waters, and drawn by the cords of love; but which ever of these is the case, they unite in this, viz. being wrestling Jacobs before they become prevailing Israels; and the reason of this is evident, every disciple *indeed* feels the importance of everlasting things, feels the necessity of salvation, of being born again, of being washed in the blood of the Lamb, and cloathed in his righteousness, for he finds he has none of his own, and according to the degree of the sense he has of these wants, he becomes a wrestler with God for a supply of them; he cannot be easy; he cannot be contented; he cannot be happy, in time or eternity, without these blessings; he finds in his flesh dwelleth no good thing, but he sees that in CHRIST all fulness dwells; and he hears him say, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." *John* xiv. 10. This encourages his hope, the desires of his soul aspire after heaven, and heavenly things; and the earnest, the constant language of his heart and lips are, "I will not let thee go until thou blest me:" He now loses all relish for the pleasures of the world; he despises them as trifling trash, unworthy of a soul that is born for eternity; the things which he formerly loved, he now hates, and the things which

which before were disgustful and disagreeable to him, now become objects of his delight; he now finds wisdom's ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace — this is the disciple indeed. The mere professor, though he may attend to all the outward forms of religion, yet remains destitute of the power of it; his heart feels no want, and consequently he seeks no supply; but when GOD says to the seed of Jacob, "seek ye my face." Their hearts reply, "Thy face, LORD, will I seek." And then says the promise, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD, shall be saved; your heart shall live that seek God," *Psalms* lxi. 32.

Now, my dear friends, I hope and believe that in the above little description of a disciple — indeed, you will find something of your own picture. Do you feel the importance of everlasting things? do you feel the necessity of being born again of GOD, of being washed in the blood, and cloathed in the righteousness of Jehovah JESUS, and so interested in his complete salvation? do you so feel the necessity of these things as earnestly to desire them? and do these desires lead you to call upon GOD for them, in the name of JESUS? are the secret breathings of your soul aspiring to him, when no eye but his, is upon you? if so, remember the promise — All who call upon the name of the LORD, shall be saved; for none but disciples INDEED, so call upon him. — Have the pleasures of the world lost their relish in your esteem? can you, will you choose affliction with the people of GOD, before the pleasures of sin for a season? this must be

done, but none can do it but those who are disciples indeed; if it is the choice of your heart, happy are you: the family of God, both in heaven and earth will give you the right hand of fellowship. Is it the sincere wish, the unfeigned desire of your inmost souls to be devoted to God, that he may purify your hearts by faith, and make you holy as well as happy? and do you find his ways delightful to you? is a day in his house sweeter to you than a thousand spent elsewhere? and do you desire to continue in his ways? do you dread going back? and is it the ardent wish of your heart, that you may be kept by his power through faith unto salvation? If you can go with me thus far, I have no doubt but you will go with me a step further, that is, to heaven, for the LORD who gives grace, gives glory also; none but the disciple, indeed, can go thus far, mere professors know nothing of these things.

In the next place, how is it that disciples indeed continue in the word of CHRIST, and by so persevering, give evidence of what they are? even because they are like the house that is founded upon a rock, the floods arise, and the winds blow, and the rain descends, but the house stands safe, because it is founded upon a rock; so the believer is built upon CHRIST, he is a sure foundation; and another reason is, because God the Holy Ghost has promised that he will abide with the christian for ever, *John* xiv. 16. None but he who first made the christian, can keep him when made; it was God the Spirit first quickened you; had it not been for his Almighty and gracious influence, you might have

have set under the gospel a million of years, and remained dead in trespasses and sins; and I would wish you to remember, and never forget, that even now, you are not sufficient to think a good thought of yourselves; you cannot keep yourselves a moment from sin; you cannot overcome the world, or the devil, but by the mighty power of the HOLY GHOST; if he has wrought divine faith in your hearts, remember you cannot exercise that faith, but while under his influence, nor any other grace: you can have no spiritual strength, no increase of grace, no divine consolation, but from him; therefore prize him highly, for he has promised to abide with you for ever: it is only he can make his word powerful and profitable to you; therefore pray much for his presence, and influence, and teaching; seek him in all his ways, for we can do nothing spiritual without him; love the means of grace: use them diligently: he has promised to give his HOLY SPIRIT to them that ask him, *Luke xi. 13.* "And," says the LORD, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly:" never be satisfied with present attainments, but seek after more. The promise is, "They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength," *Isaiah xl. 31.* Search the scriptures, and carefully avoid all erroneous preachers, and books; let the bible be your chief study; visit other good authors sometimes, but dwell with the word of God. You will find many spiritual enemies to encounter with; there is much contained under these three heads: the world, the flesh, and the devil; but remember, this is the VICTORY, even our FAITH, 1 *John v. 4.* There

is nothing can conquer sin and satan, but faith and prayer: but faith and prayer assuredly will conquer, because JESUS CHRIST, who is the object of faith, is Almighty to save, and has promised to save; he is always faithful to his engagements, and when faith lays hold of his power and faithfulness, and calls upon him to fulfil his word, this brings the very omnipotence of Jehovah to the believer's aid, and then sin and satan flies before him, and the christian experiences the truth of that word, "to him that believeth all things are possible;" but yet remember, the power is God's, and not the christian's.—We do not always conquer, because we are slow of heart to believe the promises of God, and his power and faithfulness to fulfil them; for want of this, the christian is often worsted by his spiritual enemies, but notwithstanding this, he that is a disciple indeed shall overcome at the last; he shall endure to the end, because he is kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation. God is glorified by the perseverance of his saints in holiness, and by so continuing in the good ways of God, they prove to the angels, and to devils, to good men, and bad men, that they are disciples indeed, and also get a good evidence to their own souls, that they are amongst the number of those of whom CHRIST says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand," *John x. 8.* I could say a good deal more upon this subject, but having already exceeded the moderate bounds of a letter, shall postpone any further remarks till another opportunity, and shall conclude with observing that

that they who know most of divine things in this world, know but *little*, they who are *most* kept by the power of God, have most reason to be thankful; by faith we stand, but let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. we are never safe but when we are nothing in our own eyes; when we are weak, then we are strong; when we are most sensible of our own weakness, then the power of CHRIST rests upon us. May you and I then, my dear friends, be very humble, very thankful; may we press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in CHRIST JESUS; may we be enabled to glorify him on earth, and may we meet in his kingdom to praise his name, and to ascribe salvation to God and the Lamb, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

I am, my dear friends,

Yours most sincerely in the best bonds,

MARIA DE FLEURY.

LET-

L E T T E R II.

My dear Madam,

IT is with the greatest pleasure imaginable that I sit down to fulfil my promise of writing to you the first opportunity, indeed those whose hearts are united in the sacred bonds of friendship, find it a most agreeable privilege to be able to converse together when distance of place puts a separation between them. I hope you are better in health and spirits than when I saw you last. Ah, my dear friend, why do you give yourself up to sorrow and anxiety ; is it because you have no reason to rejoice ? that must be impossible : indeed, immoderate grief is both unreasonable and unprofitable, and therefore I cannot but blame you for indulging it ; yet do not be angry with me, for though I blame you, it is I assure you with a heart which sincerely sympathises with your affliction : I am not a stranger to trouble, I am not a stranger to grief ; and I know, when carried to excess, it is dishonouring to God and unprofitable to us.—“ Let not your hearts be troubled,” said the compassionate Redeemer to his disconsolate disciples, when they were sinking under dreadful apprehensions of losing the presence of their best friend : but alas,
how

how apt are our hearts to be troubled upon much lighter occasions ! indeed it is our folly, and we have reason to be humbled in the dust upon the account of it ; not that I suppose there is any thing desirable in the unfeeling disposition of a stoic : no, such a temper is by no means the fruit of the Spirit ; the soul who is really gospelised, is taught to weep with those who weep ; and if it is a gospel precept to sympathise with the afflictions of others, it is surely allowable to feel for one's own. JESUS wept over his dear deceased Lazarus, and tenderly shared in the sorrows of two amiable sisters, who were lamenting the loss of a brother, who was perhaps dearer to them than their lives. We do not find that he chid their sorrow, but he did chide their unbelief. Afflictions, my dear Madam, you are sensible, spring not out of the ground ; they do not happen to us by chance, but are a valuable part of the saint's inheritance : but though they are valuable and profitable, yet they are so exceedingly disagreeable to nature, so irksome and painful, that we are apt to start back, and would fain, if possible, be excused from accepting this part of our portion. Alas, we are foolish children, but it is our mercy that we have a wise Father, who will not study our humours, but will give us that which is most for our good. Remember that you receive your afflictions by weight and measure ; there has nothing happened to you but what your heavenly Father appointed for you when he wrote your name in the Lamb's book of life ; and then infinite wisdom and infinite love, sat as it were in council to contrive what should be most for your advantage in time and in eternity : O
then

then dry up your tears, and be no more sad, but rejoice, for you have abundant reason; look away from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions dens, from the mountains of the leopards,"

Cant. iv. 8.

O my friend, turn your eyes from your troubles, your difficulties and enemies, especially from those which are past, for they are gone for ever, and with the future you have nothing to do: And what shall you behold? indeed there is a glorious prospect before you, O that you might be enabled to view it through the telescope of faith, and then I am sure it will cheer your spirits, be they sunk ever so low: what says the apostle, "Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," *2 Cor. iv. 17.* There is light affliction for you here, but a weight of glory in reversion: have but a little patience, and sin and sorrow will be no more. Could you borrow the wings of a seraph, and ascend to the new Jerusalem, and there inquire of the white robed inhabitants, the spirits of just men made perfect, whether they or any of them arrived at those mansions of blessedness any other way than by the way of the cross, they would unanimously tell you, it was through much tribulation that they entered the kingdom of God. Why then should you be discouraged, who have the same JEHOVAH JESUS to be your guide through the wilderness that they had; the same exceeding great and precious promises, and the same inexhaustible riches of grace to support, to comfort and make you more than

a conqueror through him who hath loved you? "Fear not," says our divine Master, "thou worm Jacob, I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." O how safe and secure must you be then who have the right hand of omnipotence exerted in your defence! surely you may say with the Psalmist, "though the hills be removed and the mountains carried into the sea, yet will I not be afraid:" indeed you have no reason to fear, for the eternal God is your refuge, and underneath you are his everlasting arms, *Deut. xxxiii. 27.* May these considerations, my dear Madam, in the hand of him whose office it is to comfort those who are cast down, afford you strong consolation, may the sun of righteousness arise and shine upon you, and with his delightful joy-inspiring beams disperse the glooms which hang upon your mind, and fill you with peace and joy in believing unspeakable and full of glory.

I beg your pardon for being so prolix, it is my usual fault, when I begin to scribble I seldom know when to leave off; I wonder sometimes that my friends have patience with me; however, friendship can pardon the faults of a friend.

My father and brother unite with me in best wishes to you, Madam, and Mr—— we hope he got safe home on Tuesday night, and it will give us the greatest pleasure in the world to see you both in town as soon as you please.

I am, my dear Madam, with the greatest respect,

Your most sincere friend and servant,

MARIA DE FLEURY.

L E T T E R. III.

To Miss J * * * * Y.

Dear Miss,

IT being at the request of your honoured father, that the first poem in this book was written, and indeed the whole published, I hope it will not be deemed an impropriety if, before I conclude it, I beg leave to address a few lines to you.—You are young, my dear Miss, but you are not too young to be happy, you are not too young to die ; you are a young IMMORTAL. May you be so deeply impressed with a sense of your true dignity, that all the gay, enchanting, deceitful pleasures of sin may appear in your view, what they really are in themselves, unworthy your pursuit ; while the pleasures of true RELIGION, the sublime enjoyments which a saving acquaintance with God in CHRIST JESUS, brings home to the soul, may rise high in your estimation, be your early choice, your first and last pursuit. Your dear parents, I am persuaded, can tell you from their own experience, what are the advantages of true, heart-felt religion, being made partakers of its blessings
them.

themselves ; they can, and I doubt not but they do recommend it to you as the one thing needful, and their prayers for you incessantly are, that the same distinguishing grace which has brought salvation to their hearts, may be also bestowed upon you ; they wish you a better portion than they can give you, even that IMMANUEL, the great GOD, our SAVIOR may give himself to you as your everlasting portion, and when they shall see you enabled to devote yourself, your youth, your soul and body, your all, as your reasonable service to him, they will know that this is the case : this is their wish for you, and this is my wish for you ; may the great hearer of prayer put his amen to our wishes, and say, So be it.—

When you read the first poem this book contains, you will remember that I wrote it at the request of your father, and I am persuaded that love to the divine REDEEMER, and zeal for his truth, were the motives of that request : may your father's GOD be your GOD ; may the great and glorious truths which this poem contains, be so revealed to your soul by the Spirit of Truth, that IMMANUEL's name may become precious to you, be the most charming sound to your ears, and himself, altogether lovely in your view ; and if ever this is the case, which I hope and pray it may, you will possess greater riches and sublimer happiness than the riches of Peru, or the empire of the world could give you.—May the divine Spirit enable you, my dear Miss, to seek for these durable riches, and this sublime happiness : if you seek them with your whole heart, you shall have them ; the LORD JESUS gives them freely to every one who

is *really* and *truly* desirous to have them; and it is his peculiar delight to give them to those who seek them in the early part of life: He says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me *early*, SHALL *find* me,"

Prov. viii. 17.

The LORD JESUS, when he was upon earth was the most gentle, kind and compassionate man in the world; he was easy to be intreated, he healed all that came to him to be healed of their diseases, and even died for sinners; and now, though he is exalted at GOD's right hand—nay, though he is himself the eternal GOD, yet he is as kind and gracious as ever. May his Holy Spirit convince you of your need of his salvation, and cause you earnestly and diligently to seek it, then shall you find him the kindest FATHER, the most gracious SAVIOR, and the most faithful and affectionate FRIEND, all your future life, he will be your GOD and your guide unto death, and your glorious portion to eternity.

That this may be your happy experience, is the sincere wish, and shall be the hearty prayer of, dear Miss,

Your affectionate friend

MARIA DE FLEURY.

July 23, 1791.

A SOLI-

S O L I L O Q U Y

IN yonder heav'nly courts, those realms of light,
 Where love, and joy, and peace for ever reign,
 The sons of morn, the great seraphic choirs,
 Tune their soft harps, and raise their loftiest notes,
 To hymn the great I AM.—Melodius anthems
 Sound thro' the arches of th' etherial sky,
 And all the theme is, HOLY, HOLY, HOLY
 LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT!—Before his throne,
 The white rob'd saints, the ransom'd of the LORD,
 The trophies of his grace, enraptur'd bow,
 And lowly reverent, before his footstool,
 Adoring cast their amaranthine crowns,
 And join th' angelic song, " To him (they cry)
 Who lov'd us, bought us, wash'd us in his blood,
 And made us KINGS, and holy PRIESTS to GOD,
 To him be glory, honour, power and praise,
 Eternally ascrib'd".—And doth his praise
 Alone employ the throng beatific?
 Is earth indeed so far remov'd from heav'n,

R

That

That from her altars no bright flames can rise,
 Of sacred love, and voices gratulant?
 O no! he has a company below
 Of royal priests, who offer daily incense
 Of praise before his throne; a thankful song
 From ev'ry corner of the peopled earth,
 Rises, sonorous in Jehovah's ears,
 For they ascribe salvation to his name,
 And sing the glories of the bleeding Lamb.
 Nor does Jehovah's praise alone aspire
 From creatures, born to IMMORTALITY;
 The lesser works of his Almighty hand,
 With silent worship pay their homage due,
 In swift obedience to his potent word.
 Majestic SOL, bright emperor of day,
 Shines forth his glory in his splendid beams.
 The radiant MOON, walking in brightness, waits
 To rise and set at his supreme command;
 At his great word, nor sun nor moon arose
 For three diurnal stages, on the land
 Of clouded Egypt, but resign'd their sway
 To night impenetrable, emblem sad
 Of that black veil, that more than midnight gloom
 Which overspread their minds, estrang'd from God.
 By his authority, these shining orbs
 Forsook their course and to the voice of man
 Listen'd attentive, when the mighty chief
 Divinely mission'd, led old Jacob's sons
 To honourable war; the sun stood still,
 And silver Cynthia, in the flow'ry vale
 Of pleasant Ajalon,—so the bright train,

Which

Which spangle o'er yon azure firmament
In swift obedience to Jehovah's will,
Pour'd all their baleful influence on the head
Of death devoted SISERA, the foe
Of GOD, and of his people.—Heav'n, and earth,
Fire, hail, and snow, and all created things,
Pay ready homage to the sov'reign word
Of their Almighty King, and in full choir,
Tho' wanting voice, echo the grateful sound
Of universal hallelujah.—

Lift, O my soul, the empirean heav'ns,
With songs of triumph, voices jubilant
Sounds thro' unbounded space.—Angelic choirs
And thy redeemed brethren join the theme,
And wilt thou silent stand?—O catch the flame,
The holy flame of love and gratitude,
To the Almighty Monarch of the skies,
Thy FATHER, and thy FRIEND. What names are
these?

How big with blessings—shall a worm of earth
Thus honour'd, dare refuse to join the song
Of "Worthy is the Lamb?" Awake, my soul,
And all my powers awake, to celebrate
The GOD of glory, and the GOD of grace,
Who form'd the heav'ns—and bled on Calvary,
Who burst the iron barriers of the grave,
And spoil'd the monster death, and broke his dart,
And captive led captivity along,
Chain'd to his chariot wheels. O love divine!
Still will I sing of thee, in rising morn,
When Phœbus mounts his burning carr, and gilds

The eastern clouds with rays of orient light;
 When in meridian glory thron'd, he shines,
 And darts prolific glories round the world;
 When sober evening's mild refreshing air
 Revives creation, and bright Hesper leads
 The starry train, that ushers in the night:
 Then shall my song arise—O for a song
 Divine, like that which flows from Gabriel's lips;
 But ah! I faint unequal to the theme.
 Fly swift ye moments, Time, increase thy speed,
 To bring the period when my soul shall shake
 Her fetters off, shall throw her chains aside,
 And freed from flesh, shall mount and soar aloft
 On angels wings, to her Redeemer's throne;
 Then shall his mighty love be all her theme,
 And everlasting praise her sweet employ.



F I N I S.

